JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1956

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SABOTAGE BY SLOW MOTION by The Editor

PRISONERS OF ELBA By B.L. Jacot

WIND AND WHIRLWIND by A.G.G.

A SPOT OF BOTHER AT THE BROWNS'
BUT I HAD TO USE YOUR COUPONS FOR THESE NEW SHIRTS, DARLING. YOUR OTHERS WERE WORN OUT.
YOU KNEW I NEEDED A NEW RAINCOAT, MARY.
...BUT FRED DOESN'T REALIZE HOW HARD HE IS ON SHIRTS. AND ALL THAT BOILING AND HARD RUBBING IS HARD ON ME!
YOU BOIL THEM, MRS. BROWN? AND RUB THEM? NO WONDER THEY WEAR OUT!
BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THEM CLEAN!
OF COURSE! BUT THE RINSO NO-BOIL METHOD GETS THINGS BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN AND SAVES MONTHS OF WEAR.
NEXT MONDAY
SEEING'S BELIEVING! THEY'RE MARVELLOUS!
NICE RAINCOAT, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE CERTAINLY MANAGED THE COUPONS WELL, DARLING!
(THINKS) I AM THANKFUL I DISCOVERED THE RINSO METHOD
N.B. THE RINSO WAR-TIME METHOD TAKES HALF THE WATER AND TWO-THIRDS THE
RINSO

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder.
3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons.

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MALTA'S CHILDREN, during the siege, suffered from malnutrition. The British Government chose vitaminised chocolate as the most sustaining and nourishing food to supplement these children's diet. So satisfactory were the results that large stocks are being requisitioned to feed the starving children of liberated Europe. This and other priority demands for the Forces now absorb four out of every five tons of chocolate made at Bournville.

CADBURY means QUALITY

Your Child may be another picture-book baby to-day, BUT...

everything is in that "but"! To safeguard his future you *must* see that he gets his daily ration of orange juice and cod liver oil. During the last three months of this year wise mothers and children have had the bottled juice of 140,500,000 oranges. *Did your child have his share?* The Coupons are ready in his ration book. Now it is up to you. Orange juice and cod liver oil are both necessary to ensure a young child's *continued* health. Get these two vital vitamin foods for your child to-day. **Read on to find out why.**

WHY *babies and children should have orange juice*

Orange juice contains vitamin C, a vitamin we are apt to go short of in wartime. Vitamin C keeps the blood healthy. Lack of vitamin C may be responsible for bleeding gums and nose, and flabby tissues. *Three teaspoonfuls of concentrated orange juice in water daily supply a child with the necessary amount of vitamin C.*

WHY *babies and children should have cod liver oil*

National cod liver oil compound contains vitamins A and D — something else that babies and children are likely to go short of. Vitamin A raises the power of resistance to infection. Vitamin D fixes the calcium in the bones. A shortage of this vitamin means rickets, badly formed bones, bad teeth. *Every baby from a month old should have a teaspoonful of cod liver oil or its equivalent every day.*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

FOOD FACTS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. No. 178

"YOU'RE FOR TROUBLE— THAT BLUE STUBBLE DOES ANYTHING BUT PLEASE ME. TOMORROW MORN IT MUST BE GONE; GO HOME AND SHAVE. WITH EASY!"

* *Include one in the parcels you send to your menfolk in the Services.*

USE EASY SHAVING STICK

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From vineyards of Empire

When you find difficulty in getting a bottle of V.P., remember that, though it is produced in this country, the grapes are grown far away in the southern sunshine. But remember too, that however hard to come by, these wines still offer you peacetime quality at a very moderate price.

STILL UP TO PRE-WAR STANDARD OF QUALITY

V.P. wines

RICH RUBY SWEET WHITE BRITISH SHERRY

All at 6/3 per bottle

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A WARNING BY FUEL WATCHER:

WE ARE USING TOO MUCH GAS IN THE HOME

- The consumption of gas has shown a disturbing increase and MUST BE CHECKED.
- When using a kitchen range or combination grate for heating, use the oven for cooking too, and *don't use the gas cooker.*
- *No bedroom fires* except in case of illness.
- Remember GAS wasted IS COAL wasted. More and more gas is needed now for the ever-increasing demands of battle.

DON'T SAVE COAL IN ONE FORM TO SQUANDER IT IN ANOTHER

Remember Electricity is Coal too.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d. 36 for 1/11

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NATIONAL APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 82, HEATH STREET, LONDON, N.W.3.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 11, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW FOR ACTION

THE war goes well. Plans for ending the war go even better. They are, indeed, complete.

We have the men, the materials, the methods by which they can be translated into action. Above all, the leaders of the United Nations have now agreed to take action without delay, and with the utmost determination, to ensure the complete defeat of our enemies.

In Conference

It is easy to apply such words as "dramatic" and "historic" to the war's most important conferences which have just been concluded. It should not be much harder to realise the full significance of the co-ordination that has been accomplished.

In brief, we begin a new phase of the war. The grimmest, final and *triumphant* phase!

Ignorant Britain!

No note of disagreement marred the councils of statesmen and their military staffs. But it must be admitted that there was a note of irony.

While the leaders of East and West were co-ordinating their plans, a few underlings could not even co-ordinate the arrangements for dealing with the Press.

But in the dealings between the Big Men themselves our enemies can find nothing to excite their mirth. They have been warned. They know, beyond semblance of doubt, that their death-warrants have been signed.

Peace Moves

Will they seek a reprieve?

It is denied both in Washington and Berlin that the Germans have made peace overtures through a neutral capital. But we need not take those diplomatic denials literally.

Rough Answer

JOHN BULL is satisfied that Germany did—quite recently—seek to buy off Britain and the U.S.A. so that she might oppose all her waning strength to the Russian steam-roller.

There is reason to believe that the answer she received was not phrased in diplomatic niceties. It was, we hope, so impolite as to convince her of the meaning of Unconditional Surrender.

Will See Crack?

But let us, too, harbour no doubt of our adversary's intentions. We should not be lulled by round-about peace talk, by Dr. Goebbels' change of tune, even by Hitler's last few speeches.

We dare not waste time on speculations whether and when Germany will crack.

We must proceed on the assumption that the Nazis and their dupes will fight to the bitter end.

That as they are forced to retreat they will shatter the cities of France and Belgium and Holland as they have reduced the population of Kiev from 1,000,000 to only 10,000. And that our casualties will be heavy.

Softening-Up

Meanwhile, as we wait for the invasion signal to be given, our air forces are seeking to reduce those casualties to a minimum.

Many of us are tempted nowadays to take for granted the terrific campaign by British, American, Canadian and other Allied airmen.

Yet the world has never known anything comparable to this softening-up bombardment. It has cost, in eleven months, 2,189 British and 829 American bombers—to say nothing of fighters and Coastal Command patrols.

They Won't Rise

Such figures are an appeal to our aircraft workers not to relax their efforts. They haven't done so yet. And the Americans turned out 9,000 aircraft last month, whereas the German production fell below the thousand mark.

All of which may explain why, though the *Luftwaffe* will fight against the Fortresses and Lancasters that raid Germany, it will not rise when French targets are attacked.

Best be Prepared

Its main forces are being held in reserve for our invasion. It must be kept strong to attack our landing barges, embarkation ports and railway centres.

So, though we have been spared any large-scale "reprisal" for Berlin, we must be prepared for heavy raids later on.

Supplies by 'Plane

Some of our 'planes, according to Berlin, are being used to supply the Greek and Serb guerillas. Well, we need not always disbelieve German announcements!

Again, the enemy has broadcast a hint that Britain and the U.S.A. are strong enough to invade Western Europe and attack the Balkans simultaneously.

By Christmas?

Such operations would clearly be assisted by a firmer hold on the Italian mainland, with its excellent air bases and strategically valuable eastern coast.

We can therefore expect a terrific effort to take Rome before Christmas.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by *FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY,* etc., in addition to a FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY, underwritten at Lloyd's. (See page 13)

Turning Point

As for Russia, our ally's withdrawals in a few sectors should not distract attention from its astonishing gains. Gains so regularly reported that some people find them almost monotonous!

The fact is that the 2,000-mile struggle on the Eastern Front has reached its turning point. By brilliance of generalship as well as by weight of men and metal, it has been swung wholly and irrevocably in Russia's favour.

Notice to Quit

In the Far East, moreover, "the serious and prolonged operations" referred to in the Cairo communiqué can be said to have made a satisfactory start.

In both the Central and South-East Pacific we now hold important outposts; next year we shall aim at larger targets.

And we shall go on until Japan is reduced to a third-class Power, depsived of her stolen lands that supplied her with the materials without which she could not have waged war.

No democrat will object to this decision!

We Doubt It

Here, again, to be cautious is to be wise.

Some experts think that Japan will not hold out long after Germany's defeat. That poses an outsize question mark; certainly disillusion may come to those people who think they can "return to normal" immediately after the war in the West is won.

Let them study our immensely long lines of communications in the Pacific—and let them think again.

Gates of Pekin

The utmost optimism we can allow ourselves is the reflection that plans approved by Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have delighted Chiang Kai-shek. And that the Chinese are fighting as stubbornly and gallantly as ever.

Why, guerillas are even fighting at the gates of Pekin. For the first time, too, the Chinese have air superiority over their assailants.

Wavell's Tour

All the world knows that India has been converted into a gigantic base for operations by which we shall advance to the relief of China. But almost unremarked has been another kind of revolution in India.

Wavell is its leader. He has yet to prove himself a great ruler. But already he has won the respect of the masses as no other Viceroy has done.

LET OUT

● **The case of George Holt makes a story as shocking as any thriller.**

Here are the stark facts:

Twice he had been certified as a criminal lunatic. Twice he attempted to commit suicide.

But the authorities, in their inscrutable wisdom, deemed it safe to release him.

Afterwards, it is alleged, he attempted to kill a woman. The police, however, thought she was suffering from delusions.

Then another woman was killed. She was deemed to have committed suicide.

A third woman, a widow of seventy-two, was murdered.

Holt gave himself up to the Manchester police for this crime. The body of the second woman was exhumed and Holt was indicted for murder.

To JOHN BULL this case is not only horrifying but disquieting.

The police can hardly be awarded a crown of laurel for their part in it. But even more curious was the action of authorities in releasing a man who had twice been certified as a criminal lunatic and was known to have homicidal tendencies.

Why, then, are they so relentless in their hold on young people who are merely of backward mentality?

White Hope

He has not so far attempted to calm the whirlpool of Indian politics. Neither has he devoted himself to the shooting parties of princes or the garden-parties of Civil Servants.

Instead, he has toiled to diminish famine. Now he is touring the country to improve miners' conditions. And by thus pleasing the masses he has made himself their White Hope on which a future solution of the Indian problem may be founded.

Planning Plenty

Way across the world, there is another hope for perplexed humanity. The conference at Atlantic City has shown that the United Nations are determined to relieve the suffering of the aggressors' victim States.

Its delegates surprised the cynical journalists by the rapidity of its decisions.

Need for Speed

Equal speed must now be shown in planning the carrying out of those orders. We must be ready with an organisation that can help a stricken country *immediately* it has been freed from Axis tyranny.

One of the key-men in such an organisation will be a British Minister. Henceforth, Col. Llewellin will be Food Minister not only for Britain but for all Europe.

Clothes and the Man

Yet more than food will have to be rushed to liberated lands. Clothing and other necessities call for far-sighted preparations; for example, when we have made enough uniforms for our Fighting Forces, should not our clothing factories be given orders on behalf of the Continental peoples?

Next, there will be the task of helping stricken countries to restore their own industries. UNRRA will have plenty of work to do!

Towards Our Goal

Our satisfaction must be that the past few weeks have produced planning at its best.

Plans to shorten the war. Plans to smooth the transition from war to peace.

In domestic politics, as we say on page 5, Slow Motion is the order of the day. But internationally the emphasis has at last been placed on Speed.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

FARMERS are famous grumblers, but they've been overdoing it in the last few days. Usually we can take their grouses with a smile, knowing that there are more complaints when things are going well on the land.

Getting Bitter

It is so now. Anyone who knows the agricultural market towns knows that farmers are having the time of their lives.

Yet they are getting bitter about the new farm produce prices, which they say are not enough to balance the increases on farm wages.

It's a Pity

This week the 65s. minimum for farm workers comes into operation. It's absolute nonsense to suggest that it means ruin for the farmers.

The General Purposes Committee of the National Farmers' Union run the risk of alienating public opinion by their one-sided campaign for higher prices. And that's a pity, considering the respect farmers have earned during war time mingling of town-and-country-man.

Stale News

Lots of people were glad to read last week that thousands of ex-miners now in the Forces were to be released at once to return to the mines.

Was this a welcome reversal of Government policy? Had the War Office weakened?

No. The "thousands of ex-miners" are probably scores. And their release is not news. It's all part of the niggardly compromise announced months ago. Somebody got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

Northern Lead

The right end has been firmly grasped for once by the Minister of Fuel and Power, who has decided to grant 5 per cent. more petrol for 'buses in war factory areas.

And the Northern Area Traffic Commissioner has done well to arrange that more petrol means more 'buses right away. More 'buses mean less absenteeism.

Afternoon Off

Several miners appeared before the local Bench for absenteeism the other day, says a reader.

That afternoon two young farm workers were detailed to go "beating" pheasants for their employer and a couple of his neighbours. It was a fine day. There was plenty of work to do on the land.

Very Curious

A Glasgow man—one who has been connected with the meat industry at home and abroad for 35 years—has sent us details of a most curious correspondence with the Ministry of Food.

In August he wrote to the Ministry offering to sell 200,000 tons of beef, mutton and lamb at prices below what the Government is paying.

Couldn't Understand

This staggered the M. of F. They said they bought available supplies from the principal exporting countries, and, therefore, they could not understand the offer.

It took them a couple of letters to ask plainly where the meat came from. When the Glasgow dealer mentioned Canada and South America, they replied that all the available meat in these countries was bought by Great Britain.

Turned Down

The man's proposition was turned down, though he protested that he was making a business offer at prices £14 to £18 a ton less than the Ministry's buying prices.

He was well aware, he said, of the arrangements Lord Woolton had made when he was Minister of Food to buy up foreign meat. But there were other packing houses abroad with which the Ministry of Food had no dealings. They would supply the meat.

Look Into It

It was no good. The Ministry of Food "had nothing to add."

Nor have we—until full investigations have been made. Except to say that the matter ought to be looked into without delay. The Glasgow man says he can save the Ministry money. It's the officials' job to find out, if they have not already done so.

Word from C.O.

Much pleasanter is the story of a bombardier who was wounded in North Africa and spent three months in hospital before embarking for England.

While he lay sick a letter came from his C.O., telling him to get in touch with a certain bank when he got home.

Got His Cheque

He did; and by return received a cheque for £8, with a covering note to say it was his share of Battery Funds in England.

Every member of his regiment who's sent home receives a share of the money accumulated before the men went out. Widows of men who are killed get £10. Which shows the Army is not short of officers with real understanding.

Too Ill to Apply

We'd like the food authorities in a Scottish area to show that they, too, are understanding. It's our second request to the Ministry this week. Under their jurisdiction is a widow who kept herself and her son by running a boarding-house.

She has been refused a catering licence because she did not apply on the proper date. It wasn't her fault. She was lying ill in hospital at the time. Cannot something be done now?

Banned Nightworkers

This particular woman has kept a boarding-house for thirty years and had won a reputation for honest dealing. Very unlike some of the landladies we are hearing about in other parts of Scotland.

In Glasgow, for instance, many women who take lodgers have been so spoilt by war prosperity that they are now turning anyone away who has to work night shifts . . . or demanding up to 10s. a week extra "for the trouble."

Seeing Red

Another sort of profiteering has been reported by an Exeter reader, who saw what she thought was red leather when she went shopping the other day. It was being sold for making Christmas presents—slippers and the like.

In artificial light it seemed very promising and she paid 10s. for a length. When she got home she found it about as useful for slippers as this page—dyed red.

Trick Photography

Incidentally some street photographers are up to their tricks again. Two Canadian soldiers have just showed us some snaps they had taken near Leicester Square.

They paid two shillings each for bits of blank film stuck in a yellow paper frame and tucked away in an envelope.

Black List Stupidity

Two letters which have come to this office draw attention once again to the need for more medical treatment of those who are stupidly called "black list" offenders.

A sad, worried mother tells us of her sixteen-year-old son, sent to a home for medical supervision. He was well treated in a pleasant country house. But he mixed night and day with young thieves and rogues of all kinds.

Bad Example

"Why mix boys who have physical problems with budding criminals?" asks the mother.

Why, indeed? A boy who feels himself to be abnormal will readily emulate any young scamp who thinks stealing is a joke.

No Treatment

The other letter comes from Yorkshire and tells the story of a man recently sent to prison for six months. A Leeds specialist in mental diseases said the offender suffered from very short, temporary attacks of insanity which blacked out any moral sense.

"I am perfectly sure," he said, "that the only sort of treatment likely to do any good is not available in prisons."

Ready for Suicide

It's about time it was. This man had been to jail twice before. He suffered terrible remorse when his attacks were over. He was ready to take his life.

The doctor who gave evidence is consulting psychiatrist to the Ministry of Health. He ought to be consulted by the Home Secretary, who is in charge of our prisons and who has lately given brave proof of his humanity.

Lucky London

Now here's a couple of notes about books . . . books acquired and books wanted.

Congratulations to London on getting the collection of John Burns, who loved the capital as much as any man who has ever lived. He collected a magnificent library of books written about London in the last four hundred years. Lord Southwood bought it for £6,000. He's given it to London.

Hand Over

Duller books—but just as valuable in their way—are wanted by the salvage people. They need them for men in the Services who are studying for the days when fighting is over.

Books on algebra, grammar, auditing, economics—the sort of text-book that's forgotten by most people over thirty—they're the ones that are wanted urgently. Hand yours over.

Wanted Urgently

In particular, hand over to any post office copies of Pritchard's "English Extracts and Exercises," Durell's "Elementary Geometry," Baker's "Elementary Algebra" and "Public School Arithmetic," Mitchell's "Building Construction," Heath's "Practical French Grammar."

Passed to You, Please

The enemy has been doing his best to scare us with his tales of enormous rockets and devastation. His latest "type" appears to be a rocket guided to its target by wireless beams.

He hasn't scared a Civil Servant we know. He is a leading radio engineer. This expert is rather looking forward to the first wireless rocket over London. He thinks it would be nice to send up some of *our* beams and deliver it non-stop to Berlin.

★ *Mrs. Churchill works for Russia* ★

While the Prime Minister has been in the North African limelight, Mrs. Winston Churchill has been carrying on quietly with her fine political work behind the scenes. Her Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund, now well past the £4,000,000 mark, is doing inestimable good. The London exhibition, which closed the other day, gave us some idea of the extent of the help being given to the Red Army—4,000 tons of medical and surgical supplies have been provided, for instance. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has won fame at the North African talks as interpreter. Let's salute our Mrs. Churchill as translator of Britain's good will into things the Russian troops can use.

BEHIND THE NEWS

Nearly 100,000 Berlin war workers have left their jobs and disappeared. They're not all casualties; they have travelled south and east to find safer work places.

The dispersal of Nazi government offices from the bomb-battered capital is putting a heavy strain on the German administration. Intrigues between individual Nazi Cabinet Ministers, brewing for a long time, are growing because of the distances between their offices.

German generals who are members of the Nazi Party are said to have held a special conference to discuss their position. They are confronted by a solid block of conservative generals who want peace to save German man-power.

Enemy 'plane production has dropped by over 30 per cent. New production drive by Speer, Minister of Armaments, has produced little result.

SABOTAGE BY SLOW-MOTION

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

IN time of *realised* emergency this "Old Country" can put on a burst of speed to leave the world gasping.

"Blitz" means lightning, and it needed a lightning hustle to prepare for the biggest-ever "blitz" of Germany.

Britain spent £615,000,000 on new airfields, depots and camps to turn these islands into a gigantic aircraft-carrier.

Many hundreds of them have been built—and the majority since last Independence Day, July 4, 1942.

Americans helped in this tremendous task, which was undertaken for the benefit of their Air Force as much as our own. They admit handsomely that no country in the world could have got a grander "move on."

Even politically, Great Britain *can* move very fast.

She did so after Dunkirk, when, within a few hours, Parliament gave the Government unprecedented powers over the nation's life and property.

She did so after Hitler invaded Russia, when Winston Churchill, sinking all prejudice and misunderstanding in a moment of inspired common-sense, gave immediate and unreserved welcome to our great Ally.

But those were desperate days, when it was plain to all of us that our freedom *was* in peril and our lives were literally at stake.

The situation has changed since then. According to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, we British are now "in confident humour," regarding victory as "certain and imminent."

And this, he says, accounts for Parliament's present "*emphasis* on post-war plans!"

The italics are ours, and JOHN BULL asks: "*What* emphasis?"

We agree that final victory is no longer in doubt. But we detect no urgency in the Government's preparations for an "imminent" peace.

On the contrary. Now that the Dunkirk spur to supreme effort is blunted, we observe among our leaders a tendency to economise on the price they *were* prepared to pay for freedom.

And we notice that a predominantly Tory Government, for all its *talk* of post-war planning, has gone back with a sigh of relief to slow-motion politics.

To win the war is not enough. It is nothing like enough. If we do not prepare for sudden peace in time, we may cheat ourselves of all that makes victory worth while.

This peril has been confronted in words by the principal leaders of Democracy on both sides of the Atlantic.

ROOSEVELT has faced it verbally, and so has Churchill. Both have declared their intention of providing work and food and homes for all.

But little has been done, and nothing like enough is even planned, to satisfy these minimum requirements.

There is delay and indecision on every sector of the home front.

Must there be a coal crisis every winter right through the war and *after* it before this country decides to salvage its chief natural resource?

The Government has at last made up its mind to conscript young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five for work in the pits.

But it has not had the courage to conscript property for the duration.

It prefers a half-baked bargain with the owners, which gives the State a nominal control of the mining industry while leaving them to pull the financial strings.

This wretched compromise has satisfied nobody and output continues to fall.

Three out of four of the joint production committees are not working satisfactorily. No answer has been given to the proposals which the miners themselves put forward two months ago!

They asked—reasonably, in our view—for a minimum wage of £6 a week underground, for increased mechanisation, and for full State control, at least for the duration.

Conscript labour is no answer to these questions. For the Government to do nothing but alternatively to threaten and cajole the miners and the public is political slow-motion carried almost to the point of sabotage.

We stress the delay in getting to grips with the fuel problem because an adequate supply of coal will be no less essential to post-war reconstruction than it is to the war effort. Without it there can be no secure foundation for any work-for-all programme.

Housing—we shall need at least 4,000,000 and possibly 5,000,000 new houses to provide decent homes for all after the war—must also depend to some extent upon coal production.

We are not impressed by Mr. Lyttelton's samples of governmental good intentions. And we reserve our enthusiasm for the eight or nine new model homes commissioned by the Ministry of Works until we can have a look at them!

Now Mr. Lyttelton gives us fair words. But he also warns us that any "substantial programme of capital reconstruction after the war" must depend upon national savings—which we do not believe—and that the Government is *not* yet prepared to control the nation's land primarily for the benefit of the community.

It is ready, he explained, to accept *part* of the Uthwatt Report—but not the part which the property owners particularly resent. It accepts *part* of the Scott Report on town and country planning—but not, so far as we know, the part which really matters.

AS for the Beveridge Social Security Scheme—issued more than a year ago upon Government instructions and accepted by a large majority of the people as the acid test of our leaders' sincerity—we are promised nothing but another White Paper embodying such parts of the scheme as may be deemed workable, safe and "non-controversial" by the docile majority under Government orders!

It is true that Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel and Power, has now invited three eminent engineers to report on the *ten-years-old* conclusion of the Severn Valley Barrage Committee.

And that, possibly, Parliament may *ultimately* approve this great scheme for providing one-thirteenth of the country's electricity requirements at a total capital cost of less than four days' warfare!

But how long must we wait for action? And why, in the meantime, should we ask the advice of the Association of Electric Power Companies—there are hundreds of these small undertakings charging the consumer all sorts of fantastically different prices—to advise the country on its future enterprise?

This Association, naturally enough, is against all "revolutionary changes." But JOHN BULL is so sick of present inequalities and inefficiency as to consider revolutionary change essential to the public well-being.

We could go on at length to discuss many other reforms which are urgently necessary to the building of a better Britain.

Frankly, the Government has made no definite plans for our post-war export trade policy.

It assures the farmers of its benevolent intentions, but Mr. Hudson says he is "under instructions not to talk about post-war agriculture," and we fear this may be because the Government has not agreed upon any post-war plans for this vital industry.

We came desperately near to losing this war because our leaders clung to the old cheese-paring policy of "too little and too late."

Disaster was averted only because the Government and the country took furious, desperate and determined action in the face of deadly danger.

We warn the Government to-day that, in default of equal courage and equally speedy action, we are heading towards a disaster of muddle and waste and misery in the "imminent" crisis of world peace.

Bombs Plus Leaflets

DR. GOEBBELS' propaganda machine is running at top speed to counteract the mass raids on Berlin and other vital German cities.

Hymns of hate alternate with threats of wild revenge.

I don't believe these outbursts will succeed in raising the morale of the Germans.

But they may have on many people the effect of a diversion and help to retard the rot of despair and defeatism.

If the morale of the Germans is to be broken quickly, so as to save countless lives on all sides, this propaganda should be offset without delay.

Block-busters and showers of incendiaries are certainly our most effective weapons, but not our only ones!

I urge that we should drop, together with the bombs, millions of leaflets to bring home to the Berliners, Stuttgarters, Mannheimers, and all the other citizens of our targets, certain decisive facts which they are liable to forget!

We should remind them that aerial warfare was not a British or American conception, but an essential part of the Nazi doctrine.

★ ★ ★

We should recall the fact that the Nazis were the first to put that conception into practice—as early as the first week of September, 1939, against Warsaw, later against Rotterdam, London, Coventry, Belgrade, and dozens of other cities, especially in Great Britain—and thus answer the monstrously hypocritical claim by Goering that he always was in favour of "humanising warfare."

We should reprint the jubilant headlines in the German papers after these Nazi "blitzes" when it was thought that Allied retaliation was impossible.

We should not let the Germans forget Hitler's famous outburst in the autumn of 1940, when, after the first serious reprisal raid by the R.A.F. on Berlin, he threatened to "erase the British cities."

We ought to quote in these leaflets the announcements by Mr. Churchill, Sir Archibald Sinclair and other British statesmen that the Nazis would have to pay tenfold for their crimes—and then quote one or two jeering comments by the Nazi Press on such "English bluff."

We could ask the German people whether they still believe that the British and American aircraft production figures are just "bluff," as they used to be told by Hitler and other Nazi leaders, or whether the "bluff" was not on the side of Goering when he boasted that never would an enemy 'plane reach Berlin, and of Hitler when he promised that most of the American war material would be sunk by U-boats before reaching Europe.

★ ★ ★

We should certainly emphasise that cruel and senseless sentence uttered by Hitler in his last speech on November 9 in Munich:

"I shall never lose my nerves . . . but if the German people were to lose their nerves I would not shed a tear for them."

And, finally, our leaflets should remind the ordinary Germans that, while their cities are being methodically reduced to shambles and ashes, the Fuehrer is staying safely at his so-called headquarters in a palace-like residence carved out of a mountain of rock near Berchtesgaden. . . .

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

General JAN SMUTS,

Grand Old Man Among Statesmen

DEAR GENERAL,—"Explosive", your speech certainly was. Dynamite to blow up muddled thinking and false beliefs!

Briefly, you want a "trinity" of Britain, the U.S.A., and Russia to make the world keep peace. Britain should lead a federation of Western European democracies; the British Colonial Empire should be "tidied up" into a few large units on the Dominion model.

I agree. For long I have been denouncing the folly of supposing that Britain and America alone could stabilise world affairs after the war.

Close friendship between the two countries is absolutely necessary. But no partnership that excluded Soviet Russia would have a ghost's chance of leading the world to permanent and prosperous peace.

France will eventually take her rightful place in the affairs of men. But her regeneration must be a long process; she has ceased to be a Great Power, and she cannot artificially be restored to greatness within a year or two. Rather must she find her own salvation.

So Britain, the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R.—and I would add China—must act as the guardians of the weaker nations until the threat of force is banished from the earth.

I find it significant that your speech should be released for publication when the leaders of the most important United Nations have met in conference to decide their future policy. Indeed, I judge it as a hopeful augury of the Things to Come.—JOHN BULL.

The Rev. C. A. ATHERLEY,

Rector of Middleham, Yorkshire

DEAR RECTOR,—I remember the days when dignified families walked down church aisles to their private pews, and the "common" worshippers stood aside to let the important people pass to the exalted position allotted them to commune with their Maker.

Better days are here.

You have taken away from your church four pews which once were used by "high Society." And you explain that "in these days of Democracy such nonsense as private pews should be non-existent."

This is a revolutionary move. You, a servant of God, have brought down before God man to a common level. But, then, aren't we all equal in the sight of God? And isn't the greatest of all men One who walked with the people, loved them, and instructed them?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. U. WILLINK, K.C., M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Patulin, the newest of scientific discoveries, may mean the end of the common cold—that uncommon ailment which for years has taken a terrible toll of mankind in terms of incapacity and suffering.

Patulin is a magic word. It may spell salvation to all us sniffling, coughing, bleary-eyed people who, winter after winter, sneeze our way through fog, rain, stuffy rooms and ill-ventilated railway carriages.

Patulin may prove the password to winter comfort. It's up to you to get supplies for the public.

Let's have freedom from colds now, not in twenty years' time.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM HENRY BEVERIDGE,

Champion of the Ordinary People

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I wonder what they'll do to you next. Big Business has attacked you and your Report on Social Security; the blimps of industry are strengthening the forces of reaction for the economic clash that is coming; and now you have been banned from collaborating with any Civil Servant in Britain in connection with your inquiries into full employment and plans for solving unemployment.

Stick to your guns, Sir William.

Don't be discouraged by these attempts to sidetrack you. The course of true reform never did run smooth; and the greater the measure of reform the greater the obstacles placed in the way.

Sir Richard Hopkins, head of the Civil Service, tries to justify the ban on his staffs in the following words: "I do not think that officials of any type in the Government service could engage in such discussions without the risk of a doubt arising whether in some degree they may not have made known, or implied, lines on which the Government were attacking this question."

In other words, despite the immensity of the problems concerned, the Government is against co-operation.

The Government, with its great administrative machine—in your words the finest organisation of its kind in the world—is afraid that you, with the vast schemes you envision, may get an inkling of how certain Departments and Ministries are scratching at the issues of post-war life and living.

They may ban Civil Servants from collaborating with you, but they cannot deprive you of the support, good will and—when the time comes—active co-operation of the millions of men and women who matter.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel C. C. WHITELEY, J.P.,

Chairman, the Croydon Bench

DEAR SIR,—You rebuked in your court the other day a fifteen-year-old girl witness who had the impertinence to appear before you in slacks. "An insult to the court," you called it.

The girl, it appears, is a hard-working usherette at a local cinema. She is short of clothing coupons, has only one dress, which she reserves for Sunday wear.

But, of course, Sir Worship, these modern girls have no sense of decency. To flout the dignity and majesty of a court of petty jurisdiction is just one further proof of the depravity and decadence of the age in which we live.

That girl should have put on her one and only frock, gone to the hairdresser's, manicured her nails, said Sir every second word, curtsied and bowed, and shown true appreciation of the Law as personified in you.

And you, Sir, should get around and thank heaven for every pair of slacks you see worn by women. They are symbols not only of freedom but of effort.

Ask any man in the Fighting Forces! Ask any man in the war factories!

Finally, I would say that your remark is an insult to every girl, every mother, and every grandmother who is helping to smash Hitler.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. C. BOSSOM, M.P.,

Chairman, British Building Commission

DEAR SIR,—I, for one, think your journey was really necessary. It took you 23,000 miles across the United States in search of new methods and new materials that may help Britain in its reconstruction and rehousing programme. And you have returned to London with what you describe as "a fund of information."

We shall need it.

Not only because we shall have to build more houses than ever before, and build them with the utmost speed.

But also because we must make them worthy *homes*.

They should be well-designed, labour-saving, spacious and comfortable.

And most British houses of to-day, no matter how expensive they may be, are just not comfortable enough.

Most are dust-traps. Their plumbing is calculated to give the maximum of trouble in our difficult climate. They are cold and draughty. They lack——

But I need not go on. You, as an architect, and, indeed, one of our foremost experts, must know it all.

And I wish you luck in trying to persuade the Government, local authorities and the building industry to adopt the sensible ideas you may have brought back with you.—JOHN BULL.

Pray for This Man's Coming!

HAVE you met a *great* man? Do you know a *great* man? What do you call a *great* man? And, in your view, are the men whom the world to-day appraises as *great*, really *great*?

Pertinent questions, those. I ask them because I have just read of Dr. Langdale Kelham, orthopædic surgeon at Roehampton Hospital.

His name is blessed, says Mr. George Tomlinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, by all war-torn, limbless men for the advantages he has brought them.

"This man," added Mr. Tomlinson, "could have made thousands ministering to the few, but, thank God, he has given service to the many. *We hide our great men too much.*"

★ ★ ★

Mr. Tomlinson is, of course, wrong. Great men are not hidden; they hide themselves. I don't mean the men who make history: for history is only a bibliography of great men—kings, killers, despots, and desperadoes.

You will probably disagree. There

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

have been great lawgivers, great reformers, great men who have sacrificed all for an ideal.

★ ★ ★

But the history of the world, *en masse*, is the history of the wars of men, the story of conquerors, the fate of invaders, the arrogance of tyrants, and the stupidity of spoiled and besotted rulers.

Let's take from literature a few definitions of a great man:

Emerson: He is great who confers the most benefits. (On this basis Hitler is a louse and Sir William Beveridge may be a great man.)

Hilliard: A great man, living for high ends, is the divinest thing that can be seen on earth. (Then every man devoting his life, time and energy to the smashing of Hitlerism is great.)

Chapman: They're only truly great who are truly good. (On this definition we can find greatness in many a humble home, many a poverty-stricken parsonage, and many a doctor's surgery.)

To-day the world is making blood-stained history.

Cities are pulverised into pieces. Men die in misery and half-ignorant loneliness. Children are blasted to an eternal quiet which their minds cannot even question.

Homes vanish; families are severed: mothers weep; wives carry on: the world is in the twilight of a pain and a quest which bewilder the mind.

★ ★ ★

Some day, please God, the world will know another truly great Man—a man who will lead the nations to peace, to love, to gentleness, to kindness; a man who will point the way to selfless living and to the beauty of the life we all want and rarely work for.

He will be a *great* man. And he will be greatness in its purest, sublimated sense. Pray for his coming.

PRISONERS OF ELBA

B. L. JACOT tells of another escape from an historic island

NAPOLEON escaped from his prison on the island of Elba and lived to fight again. So did two R.A.F. men, but they had a bigger job to get away than Napoleon.

They were Pilot Officer Harry Deacon, of Chadwell Heath, Essex, and his observer, Flying Officer Lee Heide, of Vancouver.

Deacon was piloting his Beaufighter on operations supporting the Allied offensive in Corsica when he was attacked by a large formation of German fighters which dived on him from 18,000 ft.

The Beaufighter made a running fight of it and was hit by cannon and machine-gun fire before it shook off the enemy.

Heide brought the aircraft right on to its target in spite of the attack. For half an hour the Beaufighter joined with other R.A.F. 'planes in an attack on German aircraft attempting to cover the evacuation of key personnel and troops from Corsica.

Seventeen minutes after Deacon had arrived in his target area luck came his way. A huge German transport came up from behind the hills. The Beaufighter dived on to it from out of the sun and shot it down with a single burst.

The giant machine, packed with troops, burst on the rocky ground like a bomb, blowing high into the air a froth of human wreckage.

For ten minutes more the Beaufighter roamed the skies, making two attacks on German bombers running for home bases in Italy.

The first a Ju 88 received two bursts, but disappeared into cloud cover with smoke trailing back from its port wing. The second enemy machine showed fight. Cannon shells hit the Beaufighter's tail and penetrated the starboard engine cowling.

Deacon managed to shake the Ju. off his tail, but as he turned his machine, his eye caught the dread red glow in the starboard engine. The flames spread until the midwing was a white-hot torch.

"Jump!" he yelled to Heide, and the Canadian dived.

The margin of height was not great. Heide's chute opened full only a few feet above the sea and he hit the water with a crash that stunned him.

In the Sea

His Maewest supported him in the water, holding his head in a protected position until the cold had had time to revive him. He began to swim, trying to collect his thoughts.

Meanwhile, the pilot in the burning 'plane had been working with desperate haste.

He dived his machine almost vertically for the sea, expecting the wing to collapse at any moment, but keeping the flames away from the fuselage. The wing held and he flattened out, making a belly landing that sent him bouncing over the water like a speedboat. He was out of the heavy machine before it had time to stop and sink.

The speed at which he was still travelling when he hit the water cruelly jerked his neck through the buoyancy of the Maewest. But that it was the better way was proved when the Beaufighter sank like a stone, sliding like a knife under the water as it came to rest.

When he had recovered his wits, Deacon looked round for the dinghy. A lift of a wave showed it to be not fifty yards away and he swam gently towards it saving his strength.

Once inside the dinghy he looked for the Canadian. He was no where to be seen and nearly half an hour passed before a sudden up-draft, or gust, lifted for a moment the white fabric of Heide's parachute, attracting Deacon's attention.

The Englishman paddled towards the object and found his friend, who claimed he had been shouting his lungs out.

The pair settled down in the dinghy and ate some chocolate to restore what Heide claimed was "morale." Then they began to paddle for the island of Elba, which the navigator, Heide, knew to be their nearest landfall.

Just before night fell a Ju. 88 appeared on the scene, turning sharply to dive low over the pair. They lay flat in the dinghy, expecting a hail of bullets, but the German was only snooping.

Man from Brooklyn

Three more Jus. passed that night and, to their chagrin, a string of four transports—sitting birds, if they had only been in their Beaufighter.

Night fell, and it became very cold. The island lay only some seven miles away, and the Canadian judged that the current was setting favourably, so they made a meal of their emergency rations.

Sure enough, before dawn they heard the surf and felt the roll of the breakers. Just before dawn the dinghy struck a rock and, punctured, collapsed beneath them.

Deacon managed to gain a foothold on the rock, but the wash took the Canadian out to sea again. He landed on a sandy beach near by some half hour later.

Light was strengthening in the sky when the two found each other once more. Suddenly a shot rang out and a spurt of sand leapt at their feet.

They started to run, but a volley of accurate rifle fire stopped them. With hands raised they waited the oncoming of an officer and a party of smart soldiers—Italians.

The officer looked the pair over critically. "Who are you?" he asked in Italian.

"R.A.F.," Deacon said.

The Italian saluted. "Welcome to Elba. I thought you were Germans."

The pair were escorted to the comfortable barracks, given hot baths, and a marvellous breakfast that each of them will remember for a long time.

"Now what?" Deacon asked.

"Me, I am commandant of the camp," the young Italian said. "You are my guests for as long as you like to stay."

"Tell him not to be so —— silly," Heide said in English.

"What about Germans?" Deacon asked.

"They don't trouble us here," the officer said.

For two days the two R.A.F. boys rested to get back their "morale"—a favourite word of Heide's. But they looked around for a means of getting back to Corsica, which they hoped was now in Allied hands.

They became very friendly with a mess waiter who had lived in Brooklyn. This man woke them in the early hours of their third morning on the island.

"German patrols, mister," he whispered to Deacon. "They arrive in naval boats in the night."

"What are they doing here?" Deacon asked, awake in an instant.

"Perhaps to take over the island. Who knows?"

The two R.A.F men decided to lie low and see what happened, but their presence was betrayed. A German detachment arrived at the barracks and they only escaped by making a dash for it through the kitchens for the hills beyond. The little Italian mess waiter went with them, and as a guide he was invaluable.

On to Corsica

German patrols hunted them for two weeks—but never found them.

From farmhouse to farmhouse the two men were passed by the natives.

The Germans combed the island from one end to the other, and back and forth passed the two airmen, through the comb, aided by the peasants.

One day they saw from the mountains that the harbour was full of ships—German transports and vessels weighed down with deckloads of cars and light tanks. The last of the evacuation from Corsica! This explained the arrival of the German patrols.

Next morning the armada had gone, and with it the German patrols.

That evening they found a boat and began the trip to Corsica which eventually returned them to their squadron, where they had been given up for lost.

The people of Elba preferred the R.A.F. to the Germans

Some Quislings Wear Feathers!

CAMERAS specially built into the fuselage of reconnaissance 'planes are a standard feature of modern warfare.

But cameras built to fit the "fuselage" of a pigeon are something new!

New, even in a war in which pigeons are being used in ways which have amazed the pigeon experts of World War I.

This latest achievement is based on a specially designed, tiny, automatically operated camera which fits snugly beneath the pigeon, where it is held securely in position by cleverly arranged miniature fittings.

The pigeon, carefully trained to fly in a sweep which embraces a great area, is dispatched from its loft near the battlefront, makes its reconnaissance flight over the enemy's lines, and returns with pictorial records of enemy movements, battery hide-outs, and troop dispositions.

★ ★ ★

This is without doubt the most spectacular use to which pigeons have yet been put in peace or war.

But not necessarily the cleverest from the trainer's point of view.

Indeed, there seems no horizon yet to the development by our pigeon experts of their charges' amazing capabilities.

Such great strides have been made since World War I that a pigeon speed of 70 m.p.h. and a journey of 500 miles a day are nothing out of the common in World War II.

And the reliability of the pigeons is astounding.

★ ★ ★

They have achieved a higher record in that direction than any other form of military communication.

In one recent period of six months, 307 out of 320 messages sent from aircraft by pigeons were safely delivered.

It is this reliability that has persuaded the highest authorities to use pigeons often for the carrying of news so important that it cannot be entrusted to wireless.

And when you read of message-carrying by pigeons to-day you must erase that mental picture of a brief scrawl written on tissue paper and strapped to the bird's leg.

In World War II Service pigeons are carrying messages of 30,000 words!

Such messages are photographically reduced on the same principle as the airgraph letters sent between people at home and the men in the Forces.

By using the same system of reduction, the birds are also able to carry valuable photographs swiftly to the point where their message will have the quickest results.

Such are but a few of the ways in which these feathered messengers are playing their part in a war fought by mankind.

But the achievement of which the trainers are perhaps most proud is a new system of training which is producing pigeons of a type very close to an army commander's dream of the perfect dispatch service.

Not only will these specially bred and trained birds carry an urgent message at night to its destination, but will bring back the answer to it immediately.

★ ★ ★

In short, they are performing what has hitherto been considered impossible—a pigeon shuttle service!

Yes, the modern war pigeon has a trick or two up its feathers that were never dreamed of in World War I.

PATRICK SPENCER.

Wind and Whirlwind

"The most serious problem"—Adolf Hitler

By A. G. GARDINER

HITLER will live in history as the most impudent liar of all time. But he occasionally deviates into the truth. He did so the other day when, in the midst of a frenzied torrent of abuse, he confessed to the officers of the Hitler Youth that the "air terror" is the most urgent problem that faces Germany.

The admission, so gratifying to us, had two meanings. It was intended, in the first place, to show the German people that the Fuehrer's heart bled for them, and that their agonies overshadowed all other considerations.

This was necessary. Hitler sowed the wind and Germany is now reaping the whirlwind. All Goebbels' propaganda will not wash out that fact.

* * *

Three years ago Hitler's long-prepared *blitz* was sweeping all before it. Warsaw and Rotterdam were in ruins. London was nightly in flames. Coventry, Plymouth, Bristol, Manchester, Glasgow, and a score more of British cities were largely destroyed.

The wind was blowing strong and the end seemed certain. Goering flew over burning London to see his triumph and rejoice:

"*Now is the historic hour* (he said) *when, for the first time, the German air force has struck at the heart of the enemy.*"

The Luftwaffe reigned in the skies without fear of rival. Retaliation? No, not an enemy 'plane would outrage the Ruhr.

And all Germany revelled in her security and in the daily tidings of the blazing British cities and the panic-stricken people fleeing from them.

Now the whirlwind has come. Germany is no longer ringing her bells. She is wringing her hands and calling on all the world to cry shame upon the "bestial" and "murderous" afflictions that have befallen her.

And Hitler sheds rhetorical tears over the judgment that he has brought upon her. The "air terror," which was reserved for her enemies, has come home to her with tenfold violence. But let her not despair. Hitler watches over her. His "intuitions" will yet save her.

* * *

But there was a deeper meaning than pity in Hitler's confession. Pity, even for his own people, is not one of his attributes.

As he implied in that passage of his recent Beer Cellar speech at Munich, which was not published in Germany, he would not shed a tear for the German people if they had the wickedness to lose the war.

That deeper meaning relates to the grand strategic conception with which Hitler started the war. It was to be fought, as all Germany's wars for a century have been fought, on enemy territory.

No foot of German soil was to be invaded. All the bloodshed, all the destruction, all the horrors were to be inflicted on enemy soil.

Germany, from her central position, was to envelop herself with a vast protective covering of conquered States.

If total victory came—and it was certain to come—Germany would be left with the whole Continent securely in her hands. She would be surrounded by subject and enslaved nations.

They would be hewers of wood and drawers of water for her. They would remain poor and agricultural: she would be rich and industrial.

All the heavy industries would be in her hands. The manufacture of armaments would be her monopoly. No one could ever challenge her hegemony, for everyone would be disarmed but herself.

She would reign for a thousand years, as Hitler was accustomed to predict.

* * *

That was how things would work out in the event of total victory.

If some inconceivable accident robbed Germany of total victory, the strategy would still serve. The conquered States would preserve the integrity of German soil. They would be a breakwater against any possible attack. Germany would be inaccessible.

The calamities of war would fall on the little surrounding peoples, and the nearer the enemy approached Germany the tougher would become the resistance.

In the end the sheer exhaustion of the attack would stave off defeat with a stalemate and a negotiated peace. *From such a peace Germany could lay the plans for the Third World War.*

* * *

This was the dual strategic calculation. In the event, as we know and as Hitler knows, the German victory has "gone west." He has had to fall back on the second best—a stalemate.

He must retreat step by step, leaving utter desolation and ruin in his wake, exhausting his enemy, exhausing his satellites, destroying Europe, *but preserving Germany intact and still formidable.*

No student of the war will underestimate the danger. Given time and luck in his favour, Hitler might bring it off. *But for one thing.*

There is a snag in the German strategy which Hitler and his gang of criminals had not foreseen. It is the "air terror" which, as Hitler says, is "the most serious problem facing Germany."

He had not foreseen it because three years ago it was unthinkable. It was as unthinkable that Germany with its flying start could be driven out of the skies as that the U-boat could be conquered at sea or that Russia could defeat Germany on land.

But it has happened. And the result smashes the diabolical plot to wreck Europe while leaving Germany untouched.

This is what the whirlwind did to Hamburg

The keystone has fallen out of the German arch. The cardinal doctrine of German war strategy has broken down.

Germany has become the fiercest battlefield of the war. Day and night her cities are being bombarded. Day and night her industries are being shattered, her ports reduced to wreckage, her war potential crippled, her people cut adrift, her whole internal economy thrown into chaos.

* * *

THIS IS THE GREATEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED. WE HAVE CARRIED THE WAR INTO GERMANY. WE HAVE JUMPED THE BREAKWATER THAT HITLER HAD RELIED ON TO KEEP THE WAR ON ENEMY SOIL. AND IN DOING THIS WE HAVE DEFEATED HIS HOPES OF A STALEMATE.

The vitals of his war ground to dust. The m front is being broken. T come home to roost.

It has come home t hounds who invented it, war on women and chi the defenceless, to burn minate nations, to destro hold civilisation together.

NO WONDER THAT SCREAM AND YELL N OWN DREADFUL MED HOME TO THEM. IT WAY. BULLIES IN V PERERS IN DEFEAT.

But it is in vain. must be no pause in the until this hideous monste earth.

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Nor, I think, is the such a risk being run. T ing of the Big Three—in decisive events of the cussed many things, but urgency of a swift decisi

To get that German battleground. We mus armies to get there. We destruction on the ener he squeals for mercy.

Air power has given power has given us th behind the enemy's defe the heart of Germany. admits, will defeat his la

The wind has drop wind blow "with hideou tion," until Satanism is less perdition."

Can They Follow

QUITE a number of Germans are preparing to take over Hitler's mantle. Indeed, a secret and silent battle rages for his succession. The people involved in this battle are a curious mixture of Nazis and non-Nazis, Junkers, generals and others who prefer to live in an ambiguous twilight.

★ ★ ★

These men have only one thing in common. They are convinced that Hitler's days are counted. And they regard his inevitable end as the great opportunity of their lives.

Each of them operates in a different way.

There is Von Papen, the indomitable plotter, master-spy, and astute diplomat, who has often boasted that, whatever happens, he will come out on top.

Papen would like to be considered as a Catholic "white hope." And while the world wonders on whose behalf he is really working, those who know him best are as always, w

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The vitals of his war machine are being ground to dust. The morale of his home front is being broken. Totalitarian war has come home to roost.

It has come home to destroy the hell-hounds who invented it, who set out to wage war on women and children, to massacre the defenceless, to burn cities, to exterminate nations, to destroy all the bonds that hold civilisation together.

NO WONDER THAT THE CRIMINALS SCREAM AND YELL NOW THAT THEIR OWN DREADFUL MEDICINE HAS COME HOME TO THEM. IT IS THE GERMAN WAY. BULLIES IN VICTORY; WHIMPERERS IN DEFEAT.

But it is in vain. There will be, there must be no pause in the whirlwind of wrath until this hideous monster is swept from the earth.

There must be no risk of a stalemate. That would prolong the war, continue the crucifixion of millions of innocent sufferers, and pave the way to the rebirth of all this horror.

* * *

Nor, I think, is there any likelihood of such a risk being run. The momentous meeting of the Big Three—in itself one of the most decisive events of the war—will have discussed many things, but none more than the urgency of a swift decision.

To get that Germany must be made the battleground. We must not wait for the armies to get there. We must rain death and destruction on the enemy from above until he squeals for mercy.

Air power has given us the weapon. Air power has given us the means of getting behind the enemy's defences and striking at the heart of Germany. Air power, as Hitler admits, will defeat his last criminal hope.

The wind has dropped. Let the whirlwind blow "with hideous ruin and combustion," until Satanism is hurled into "Bottomless perdition."

★ Leadership and inspiration are badly needed

ALTHOUGH, in the words of the Minister of Production, peace may be "imminent"—or perhaps because of it—all sorts of matters are worrying me.

Perhaps the worst is the fact that, while the forces of Right are solidly entrenched and are preparing plans for a return to the Bad Old Days of selfishness and cutthroat competition, the friends of Progress and Reform are so woefully divided that their defeat at the next election looks assured.

This means that, under the leadership of "The man who won the war"—a Churchill they hated and distrusted for years and whom they will sack as soon as his usefulness to them is over—the Tories will have from two to four years of power.

Then, as has been the case all through history, the Left will be expected to put right the muddle. And, once again, no doubt, it will be too late.

Lack of Foresight

Everywhere in home and foreign affairs, I see only indecision, lack of foresight and incompetence.

One disastrous effect of this has been that our "foolish propaganda" in the United States—the prize example of this was the sending of Noel Coward to the States to establish contacts which, in the words of Duff-Cooper, the Government could not make itself—has left the American masses, even to-day, ignorant as to British policy and its objects.

Washington is friendly enough to us, this being chiefly due to Roosevelt, Hopkins and Wallace.

But the case of the Allies has been put so badly overseas that, incredible as it may seem, when 1,000 typical American soldiers filled up a questionnaire recently, 140 of them thought they were at war with Russia!

American friends tell me that the booklets and lectures intended to acquaint the British and Americans about one another have been so strangely worded, so full of apologies about the weaknesses of ourselves and our Allies, that soldiers, instead of making friends automatically, have been made to think "What weird people these guys must be."

Uneasy Heads

Unless Roosevelt is re-elected, or Wendell Willkie takes his place—these seem to be the only forthright men possessed of "global" minds—Big Business, I fear, will again be on top. Then, heaven help the world!

Incidentally, what is going to happen to South Africa when Smuts dies?

He won't turn his back on the future

Things That Worry Swaffer

And how can we establish a permanent peace in Europe if, instead of siding with the enslaved masses, we try to bolster up what Whitehall calls stable "governments"?

That means the King of Greece, who is said to have cabled to Churchill at Quebec asking for his support a few days before our Premier told the Parliament in Ottawa that he hoped the monarchs of Greece and Yugoslavia would soon return to their thrones.

The so-called government of Yugoslavia, which supports King Peter, now sits safely in Cairo, tolerated, even sponsored, by Washington and Whitehall. Yet it is merely a collection of reactionary Civil Servants who attack British newspapers and the B.B.C. for minimising the alleged prowess of their puppet Mihailovitch and praising, instead, the brave guerillas who are really fighting the Germans.

This so-called "government" wants to get back to a dictatorship régime. The Yugoslavs will not fight for it any more than the Italians at Leros would fight for the Victor Emmanuel outfit.

Education

No, the Whitehall set-up is obviously tainted with a pro-war mentality, one which, if expressed in our national policy, will drive Europe into Communism.

Besides, where are the signs of hope at home? Where are our political leaders of To-morrow? I do not see them.

We are boasting of reforms in Education. Actually, instead of building a ladder on which all should climb, whatever their wealth or station, from elementary schools, through secondary schools, to the universities, we are now subsidising the public schools which encourage caste superiority, refusing to raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, and worrying ourselves about teaching, in the schools, religion of a type in which modern churchmen no longer believe.

This means that people like myself will be forced to pay taxes for the teaching of things they think ridiculous.

Ugly Towns

I am worried, too, about the unemployment problem.

Actually, nearly every industrial town in the country should be pulled down and rebuilt. Nearly all of them are ugly, ill-planned, sordid and out of date. I do not hear yet of any scheme that faces the fact that so much has to be destroyed and replanned in a modern way!

What is wrong is the public mentality. Not long ago, one of the best-known men in England sought nomination as a Socialist candidate for an industrial centre.

"What do you think of our town?" asked his sponsor.

"I think it should be destroyed," he said, not realising that any such statement as this, if published, would make certain his defeat.

"But we are very proud of our town," replied his sponsor.

"Do you mean," persisted the Socialist, "that you are proud of it in the way that an ancient Greek would have been proud of Athens, or an ancient Roman might have been proud of the buildings in Rome?"

With that, the matter was tactfully dropped.

Then what are we going to do about the roads? We spent countless millions on the dole, and got nothing for it.

America, blundering though were many of her relief schemes, has motor highways half a century in front of ours. Some are called "skyways," and live up to that wonderful phrase.

Then I am worried about the decline in British literature, its novels, its poetry and its plays. It is true that the general standard of writing is much higher than it used to be.

But where is our Hardy, our Galsworthy, our Meredith—or our next Shaw or Wells?

No Poets

We have not one poet whose name is known to the public. Nor is there one dramatist worthy of rank beside at least half a dozen names which, twenty years ago, appeared regularly on theatre programmes. American writers of all kinds now show much more originality and vigour than do our own.

Only in painting, perhaps, do we lead to-day. In the field of art we are in advance of any nation in the world.

In Science, too—to speak of another field—we are modern enough. But it is individual, unorganised, unencouraged.

As for business—well, that is chiefly concerned about competition with an America already on its toes, eager to capture markets we have had to neglect. Only co-operation, pooling, zoning and so on, can prevent world calamity.

Our people, as they proved after Dunkirk and in the *blitz*, are as splendid as ever. But they lack inspiration and leadership.

And only with inspiration and leadership can they do their best and achieve their destiny.

...y Follow the Leader?

...nvinced that he is, ...ing for himself. ...t trip to Berlin he ...e Pope. ...ignificant that his ...ny coincided with ...ments that "The ...als would be pre- ...an unpolitical Ger- ...ent." Papen is a ...nting such rumours ...purpose. ...'s leading Catholic ...opes to become the ...e cardinals if the ...all for his plan. ...s by no means alone ...There is reason to ...strong "generals' ...e into existence in- ...macht.

★ ★

...are the field-mar- ...erals who advocated ...peace between Ger- ...ssia. They argue ...ould allow them to ...surrendered their ...Brauchitsch, whom Hitler sacked over a year ago, is known to be one of them.

Others are now in Russia, and might prefer to be quickly captured if they thought that contact with the Russians would advance their scheme.

★ ★ ★

Then there are men like Dr. Schacht—men who have tried to remain aloof from the political scene while the fate of Germany is in the balance.

Since they have not been associated with the more recent German war plans they hope that the Allies might accept them as successors of Hitler.

But even inside Hitler's inner circle of Nazi friends there are some who think that they have a chance of replacing their own Fuehrer.

It is necessary to read carefully the recent statements of Nazi leaders. Not all are preaching hate and resistance.

Those who are silent now would like the Allies to forget their earlier speeches, boasts and threats. They believe that the world has a short memory.

Finally, among the German anti-Nazi exiles abroad the succession of Hitler is a topic of constant conversation.

While one cannot, of course, place these people in the same class as Brauchitsch, Papen, Schacht and others, they, too, have their nominees for future leadership in Germany.

Braun, the German Socialist who lives in Switzerland; Thomas Mann, the author, and ex-Chancellor Bruening, who live in the United States, and many others are being hotly "tipped" as the future leaders of Germany.

★ ★ ★

Still more may emerge during the next few months. The more the better for us! For this struggle to succeed Hitler is clear proof that the Nazis are on the way out.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Two Kinds Of Eyes—

By Will Scott

"The last thing you'd expect to find in the City of London. And because you won't be looking for it, you won't see it."

"WE see," said Cragg, "what we are looking for, and what we are looking for is what we are trained to look for. I have been trained to look for crooks, burglars, criminals of all kinds. You have trained yourself to look for purple sunsets and knobbly characters. We've got restricted vision, both of us. Everybody has."

"I don't know that I agree," said Ashburton in his customary vague way.

"Dump us down outside a field in the country," said Cragg, stabbing the table with his thumb in that assertive manner of his.

"You'd look for pictorial effects, bumpkin types. If you didn't see them you'd see nothing. I'd look for footprints, clues of some kind or other. If I didn't see them I'd see nothing.

"But a *farmer* would see wheat or barley, an early crop or a late crop, good or bad. I tell you we're not observant. We just think we are."

"I don't know that I agree," said Ashburton all over again.

He was a pale fellow with a head that lolled on one side. His ears stuck out, but with no particular determination. He looked as if he had been sketched in with chalk.

Cragg, on the other hand, looked as if he had been chopped out of ebony. He was all hard corners and big masses, black haired and firm.

Two successes, Ashburton and Cragg, biz successes, but in vastly dissimilar ways. A big noise in Fleet Street, a big noise at Scotland Yard.

"I repeat," said Cragg, "we see what we're looking for. Observant? We only think we are. We have no right to boast. We're all too clever by half, except at the things we're clever at."

"I wouldn't go so far——" Ashburton was beginning in his wobbly way. But Cragg thumped the table and frightened the rest of the words out of his mouth.

"Listen, old man," he said. "What are you doing to-morrow? Lunch?"

"Nothing, so far as I know," replied Ashburton.

"Will you feed with me?"

"Love to. Here in the club?"

"No, not here in the club." Cragg interlocked his hands and frowned at his friend.

"MEET me in the City, and I'll take you for a little walk in a little street. In that street will be the last thing you'd expect to find in the City of London. And because it's the last thing you'd expect to find you won't be looking for it. And because you won't be looking for it you won't see it!"

"Sounds very interesting," said Ashburton.

"It's not hidden," Cragg went on. "It's right out in the open. But you won't be looking for it and therefore you won't see it. Look here, call it a bet. If you spot what I'm talking about I'll buy the lunch. If you don't, you'll buy it."

"That's fair," said Ashburton.

Under the open dome of the little Tivoli Corner of the Bank of England Ashburton stood at a quarter to one on the following afternoon and watched his friend approaching from Gresham Street through the thick sunshine of late August.

The two men started where they had left off. They gravely shook hands.

"I hope," said Cragg, "that your powers of observation are in full working order."

"When do I begin?" Ashburton wanted to know. "The sooner I've made you earn that lunch the better pleased I shall be."

"Hold your horses for the moment," said Cragg. "Follow me."

He led off along Lothbury and through the crowds of bareheaded money-grubbers on the pavements and in the gutters of Throgmorton Street, coming to a stop where the latter thoroughfare began to curl to the right past the Stock Exchange in the direction of Broad Street. Over a covered way on the left were the words "Throgmorton Avenue."

"Perhaps you know it?" Cragg questioned.

"No," said Ashburton. "The City was never my country. When I come here I always get lost if I leave the main streets."

"So much the better," said Cragg. "Right. Now this is the word 'Go.' Keep your eyes skinned. And don't expect to be told anything from now on. Come along."

Ashburton followed Cragg under the covered way and into the open of Throgmorton Avenue. Indeed, as Cragg had said, he didn't know what he was looking for, but he looked keenly and, he flattered himself, with a trained eye.

His trained eye took in first the tall office buildings on the left and then a solid structure on the right which proved to be, when he had looked at a plate on the wall, the Hall of the old City Company, the Drapers. Beyond the Drapers' Hall he saw a small but pleasant garden attached, with little paths and shallow steps, and trees tall and short casting restful patches of shade.

In the middle of the street were raised "somethings" on which you could stand. They were cased in concrete and painted white.

"I ought to explain," said Cragg, "that under our feet is a restaurant where we will feed when you have lost your bet. However, that is neither here nor there."

Ashburton had already noticed the entrance to a restaurant which did not seem to exist, and Cragg's words answered a question he had not liked to ask for fear of breaking the rules. But they told him, too, that a restaurant out of sight was not the unusual thing he had come to seek.

HE pulled up, annoyed with himself for not seeing the odd thing immediately. Again he took in the details of the setting.

He saw, out of the corner of his eye, that Cragg was quietly smiling at him. He took the things in their reverse order: trees, steps, paths. . . .

Then the thought occurred to him that it was perhaps not the place but the people who formed the test.

ASHBURTON saw a tall, stooping man accost a little man and ask for a light. The little man had a very long nose and no chin, and his right shoulder was higher than his left. Did this, Ashburton thought, mean something?

The little man obliged with a light, there was some whispering, and the two men moved off. Ashburton wondered if he ought to know them; if they had been in the news. He sighed and became even more annoyed with himself.

A sober-looking man passed, his eyes fixed on a far distance, counting. "Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one. . . ."

He passed round an office wall, leaving Ashburton puzzled and no nearer his solution. Many others went by, some obvious characters, some obvious types; but they meant nothing to Ashburton.

There was not even anything startling, except a clerk who leapt down three steps out of an office with a ruler in his hand, pulled up dead, shouted "Hell!" at the top of his voice, and leapt back up the three steps into the office. Ashburton wondered if by any chance this would be "it."

But this was so noticeable, and Cragg had been so certain that he wouldn't notice.

"How much longer have I?" Ashburton asked.

"I think," said Cragg, "that ten minutes more would be fair to both of us. Let us walk about."

They walked about, arm in arm, up to the very end of Throgmorton Avenue, back to the beginning under the covered way, back again. Ashburton presently found himself shaking his head.

How had Cragg put it the day before? "The last thing you'd expect to find in the City of London. And because you won't be looking for it, you won't see it."

Ashburton began to have wild ideas of lions lurking under the trees of Drapers' Gardens, or of strange birds with vivid feathers perched in the trees. "The last thing you'd expect to find in the City of London. . . ." He even looked up into the top branches of the trees.

THAT took his eyes to roofs and chimney-pots, and it came to him that few people ever looked at the upper parts even of well-known buildings. But there was nothing for him here. He felt himself beginning to go pink.

Could it be a name over a door or on a brass plate? "The last thing you'd expect to find in the City of London. . . ." "William the Conqueror and Co., stockjobbers." "Crippen and Crippen, undertakers." But the ones he could see were innocent enough.

It was most exasperating. He could have sworn, an hour before, that nothing unusual could escape his eye.

BANKERS HAVE A NASTY LOOK

ENGLISH banks always give me the shivers. I've tried a few in my time.

If I go into a butcher's shop to buy a pound of sausages the butcher always smiles and rubs his hands and asks after the health of my family and tells me it's warm for the time of the year. At least he does in peace time.

If I go to buy a new suit the tailor not only smiles and rubs his hands and asks after the health of my family and tells me it's warm for the time of the year and that I'm beginning to put it on *there;* he also gives me a new pencil with his telephone number on it. At least he did in peace time, which was when I bought my last suit.

Everybody with whom I trade is glad of the trade I bring them. That is why they rub their hands and smile.

Except my banker.

My banker has the nastiest eye I've ever seen in a human face. He turns it on me when I go into his infernal bank, and I've never seen any man look at another with more suspicion.

Whenever I go into a bank I feel that I'm covered with broad arrows.

Whenever I sign a document in a bank I come away with the odd idea that I've left a *forgery* behind and that there's going to be trouble.

More than once I've walked up and down outside a bank trying to screw up courage to go inside and get a bit of my own money out, and ended by going away and starving rather than face the ordeal.

* * *

I hate the procedure, which is always the same. The junior clerk always starts violently when he sees me and mutters something to the senior clerk. The senior clerk looks up and starts violently and goes behind a screen and whispers something to the cashier. Then the cashier peeps round the screen, starts violently and disappears into the manager's office.

And then the manager comes out and supervises the counting of my paltry fourpence without speaking to me or saying a word about the weather for the time of the year.

Whose money is it, I'd like to know? I don't want any of his.

Take a hundred pounds into a strange bank and try to open an account.

It's so unnerving, this banking business, that I've often thought of slipping into my bank by night, through a skylight, and getting a bit of my money out when nobody was looking. I might be caught coming out, of course, and then they'd treat me like a bank robber.

But they do that already. A. G.

JOHN BULL'S SHORT STORY

Cragg looked at his watch.

"Time up?" asked Ashburton, relieved and vexed at the same time.

"Fraid so," said Cragg.

"Then put me out of my misery."

"First," said Cragg, "let's find a table or I shall be crowded out of that lunch you owe me. I'll explain when we get there."

STRIDING off, with Ashburton at his heels, into the restaurant entrance and down the steps to an inviting underworld where they just managed to get the last two seats.

"Well, you see," he said, "I was right."

"I could have sworn——"

"Swear now instead," Cragg laughed. And then he added: "I'm sorry you can't buy me mulberry pie."

"Why mulberry pie?" asked Ashburton.

"Appropriate," said Cragg.

"Appropriate?"

"Well, they're growing over our heads."

"Mulberries? Growing over our heads?"

"In Drapers' Gardens. Beauties. In full fruit. Just ready. I saw you looking at them two or three times. But, of course, since you weren't looking *for* them you didn't see them."

"Mulberry trees in the middle of the City? Well, I'm damned!" said Ashburton.

"Been there, some of them, since the days of James One," said Cragg.

"Well, I'm damned!" Ashburton repeated. "I was wondering if I had to look for a famous crook or something. I was wondering at one moment if that little up-shouldered johnny with the big nose and no chin——"

Cragg started.

"What! Where?"

"Close by us. Gave a bloke a light."

"Right shoulder higher than the left?"

"Yes."

"Nervous cough?"

"I believe he had."

"Snooty Jenkins!" exclaimed Cragg. "I've been looking for him for five years!"

"What——" began Ashburton.

But by that time he was alone. Cragg, hat in hand, was taking the stairs three at a time.

And Ashburton, most unfairly as he told himself, was presently paying the bill.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

But not this year, children!

Christmas Makes the Dealers Rich

I HAVE just had a queer experience with three Government Departments.

For years I have protested about the wicked profiteering that goes on each Christmastide in wines, spirits, toys, jewellery and other goods. So I recently set out to discover why official steps are not taken to stop it.

I tackled the Board of Trade first about the fantastic prices being charged for wines and spirits.

I have seen whisky offered at prices ranging from £2 5s. to £5; brandy at £10 10s.; gin at £3 10s.; and all kinds of rough, unknown wines at prices from £1 3s. to £2 10s.

Passing the Buck

The Board of Trade officials said it was not their business. So far, their Orders fixing the prices of certain goods do not include liquor. Therefore, *any* price can be charged for it by speculative dealers.

The authorities to see, I was told, were members of the Customs and Excise.

So I turned to them. I cited a case where a man, not in the wine and spirits business before the war, was charging fabulous prices for a grand assortment of liquor he had obtained from somewhere or other in these days of great shortage.

"Oh, that's a matter for the Board of Trade," I was told. "We only ensure that the dealer is not selling without a licence—the question of price is nothing to do with us.

Again I turned to the Board of Trade, and repeated what Customs and Excise had told me.

"Nonsense," said the official. "It *is* Customs and Excise."

Finding that certain forms of wines and spirits come under licensing by the Ministry of Food, I took a chance there.

All I could discover was that in August, 1942, to check newcomers from entering the trade, a Food Order was issued making it an offence for anybody to trade in wines and spirits who had not held an Excise licence before September, 1939.

But it was the Customs and Excise who ought to track down people selling wines and spirits at fabulous prices who have not complied with this Order.

That's how the responsibility for tackling this serious problem is passed from one Ministry to another.

No Control

The truth is that there is no real control at all over the sale of liquor.

Anyone, if he knows the ropes, can get round this particular Order by certain means and create a rich Christmas income for himself without any fear of possible proceedings.

For months certain men with money have got in touch with people who were in business before the war and had retired.

As licensing regulations stand, their licences had only "lapsed," and in numerous cases they have been induced, on tempting terms, to "come back" to their old trade on a profit-sharing basis.

It is quite easy, indeed, to trade in wines and spirits at exorbitant prices without infringing the law in any way whatever!

The fact that there is no control of wine or spirit prices (outside trade organisations) gives them additional freedom of control.

London is no isolated centre, for the racket is rampant in various parts of the country.

In the North Midlands a "ring" of dealers was recently reported to the local Price Regulation Committee for boasting how easy it was to make "big" money in the weeks before Christmas.

Whisky had been sold there at £2 15s. 6d. a bottle. As the trade price is fixed at £1 5s. 9d. (on which there is a reasonable return to the retailer), the extra profit of 30s. can only be described as monstrous.

Last year I took to account a firm in the West End of London which, in addition to its registered aims and objects, had suddenly commenced dealing in wines and spirits.

It was sending unsolicited circulars to publicans and others offering to share large consignments of different brands at prices which trade experts agreed with me were intolerable.

There have lately been some interesting developments with regard to these operations.

At the present time another firm is carrying on a circularising campaign from the same address. It is called the Oria Wine Co., Ltd., and is conducting a similar type of business.

It was recently offering wine and vermouth at preposterous prices, and whisky at £2 3s. 9d. (a profit of £1 3s. 10d. on the licensed price to retailers). Gin was offered at £2 6s. a bottle, which makes the profit even higher!

Callers at the address for information are most unwelcome unless they are prospective purchasers of the liquor offered at such prohibitive prices.

Much of the stock obtained by "new" and outside-the-trade dealers in wines and spirits are bought up at auction sales. At one auction the other day, where most of the faces were new to the auctioneer, nearly £100,000 was paid for liquor which before the war would not have been worth £3,000.

Toys and Gems

The deals worked out at roughly £1 2s. 4d. a bottle, and, as the stuff had to be taken out of bond, a further sum of £1 3s. 7d. for duty would have to be paid before it was put on the market.

Thus £2 5s. 11d. per bottle was the dealer's investment for something ordinarily trade-priced at £1 5s. 9d.

Of course, you can't stop people paying fantastic prices, but why should dealers, against whom ordinary trade buyers cannot afford to compete, be allowed to get away with it?

The same sort of thing applies, though to a lesser extent, to toys and jewellery.

There has been enough in the general Press lately about the toy scandal (which official action at the last minute has partly curbed), but let me give a few examples of the wicked ramp in jewellery offers now being made.

I have seen cheaply made "gems," which before the war would not have fetched 1s. each, offered at half a guinea.

Necklaces, 1939 price 2s. 6d., at a guinea and a half to two guineas.

Ear-rings, made from glass beads, dear at half a guinea before the war, at 50s.

"Pearls," made from compressed wax, which are not worth more than a shilling or two, selling like hot cakes to people with more money than sense at from one to three guineas, according to size.

Isn't it just fantastic?

Perhaps the three Government Departments I have named will get their experts to tackle the scandal before next Christmas comes round!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss Mary Keen, of High Street, Acton, London, W.3, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for some interesting information.

Letters are invited about any possible ramp or scandal investigation. Address: JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

HUMAN MACHINE

Self-Forgetfulness is a Secret

Many wise men have urged again and again that the best of all knowledge is knowledge of ourselves. That is, up to a point, true.

If we don't know ourselves, know our strengths, realise our weaknesses, appreciate our good qualities and face up frankly to our not so good ones, we will never get very far. It is good to be frank with others.

It is better, far better, to be frank with ourselves.

Yet there is a danger in this search for self-knowledge that must be guarded against. We must never allow interest to become preoccupation. Better to let things go altogether than to become preoccupied with ourselves to the exclusion of others and the world around us.

We don't want too much self-knowledge. The other name for that is morbidity. We want to know what we can do and what we can't. We need to know what failings we have and how we can try to put them right.

We want to know how we work and, to some extent, why we work. After that we can tackle the really important job of getting along with other people.

And what is the secret of this "getting along" with other people?

Well, if you know something about yourself, you can't help knowing something about others, and you'll soon learn that the secret is a mixture of cheerfulness and tolerance.

And self-forgetfulness is the inmost secret of all.

Heavily bombed with her cargo of explosives, there was—

"FIRE IN THE CABIN FIRE IN THE HOLD"

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

CAPTAIN FRANCIS PRETTY is a veteran seaman. When this war began, he accepted its implications with grim familiarity.

There came an order to join a certain very important convoy. Pretty's boat was loaded with a cargo of explosives, and his tough, salted crew grinned as they watched the cases and crates being lowered into the holds.

When they were well on their way, a distant humming was heard. Pretty, on the bridge, searched the sky through his glasses. Other skippers did the same. On the escort vessels, sailors manned the Chicago pianos—the nine-barrelled anti-aircraft quick-firers that the *Luftwaffe* hates so much.

Dive-Bombed

The Heinkels passed high overhead, and as they went, black dots spattered away from them like tiny drops of ink, and grew huge, and suddenly flung mighty cascades of water skywards with intense, rocking roars that seemed almost continuous.

Meanwhile, the Stukas came screeching down the chute to dive-bomb; and the escort ships sent a thunderous rat-tat-tat to meet them, and the sky filled with small clouds of smoke and tongues of fire, and the air reeked of cordite, and the merchantmen rocked as their stern-chasers thumped and boomed.

There was a Norwegian ship in that convoy, and she was one of the first victims. She was almost cut in half by a direct hit, and began to sink. Some of her people got out the boats, while others ran up the Norwegian flag proudly to the masthead so that she might go down with colours flying.

Pretty's ship, taking avoiding action, darting this way and that, was hit fair and square by a large bomb. And, remember, she carried a cargo of explosives enough to blow the vessel and her crew to slivers.

Torn and Aflame

Now a ship without steering is like a blind man; and she cannot stop her headlong course. Added to the frightful perils of the bombing attack was the fear of collision that they were helpless to avoid.

Fires began to blaze amidships, right over the holds that contained hundreds of tons of shells and explosives.

Then came another bomb that exploded in the water beside the ship, tearing a great hole in her side.

Enough, you would say, for the order to follow to abandon ship. But Pretty was a hardcase skipper who did not care to abandon ship until there was demonstrable need.

His crew were built in the same mould.

Down below in the engine-room, Chief Engineer Andrew Drummond attended to the beating heart of the stricken vessel. He knew by the feel of her that she was almost done for. He and those around him realised perfectly that if the fires, whose smoke blew down and almost choked them, once caught the ammunition they would die like rats in a trap.

Drummond, smoke-grimed and grinning, jollied his men along; and then, on the skipper's orders, went to tackle the big and dangerous leak in the ship's side.

Cool a.r' dependable? So is every merchant seaman!

Water was pouring through it, and unless it was repaired she could not live more than a hour or two. Drummond got a gang together, directed them, slaved with them, took incredible risks, and was blessed by the luck of that lucky ship.

Meanwhile, a dozen vital dramas, on each of which the life of the ship depended, were being played out elsewhere.

Pretty himself, when he could leave the sandbagged bridge, clambered over wreckage and through the edges of raging fires that burned and crackled just over explosive hatches to examine the trouble at the stern.

The steering gear was ruined, but he got to work at once rigging up a jury gear, making repairs, cutting away rubbish, hosing out flames.

Fifty times he risked his life, and that grim smile of his never left his hard mouth.

Elsewhere, men dealt with the fires.

Able Seaman Dabner headed one gang. A big, tough fellow, hardened by many years at sea, he seemed now to be without fear. Was there a place where the flames looked like penetrating the holds where the explosives—already dangerously hot and smouldering—lay? Dabner was there, a big, wild figure striding through the enlarging smoke-clouds, hauling a hose after him, directing his silver spear of water at the very heart of the red and leaping enemy.

Many times those who stood behind Dabner cried out involuntarily, as a wall of flame advanced and seemed to fall upon him, crushing down this puny, dark thing that opposed its engulfing appetite.

Crashed Planes

There were several fires smoking sullenly on the sea round about them—little fires that had once been proud and shining aeroplanes and the men who flew them.

But, before they died, they had struck the convoy hard.

The duel between Dabner and the fire went on.

Licking his cracked and blackened lips, he lifted the hose again in his badly burned arms, and, as charcoaled bits of his jersey fell away from his chest, he deliberately and insultingly poured a silver spear of water on top of the smouldering fire.

In instant answer, it jumped up, unfolding enormously, and engulfed him—and then withdrew. He sidestepped to avoid it, his foot slipped, and the men behind him heard, clear above the noise of the flames, the sharp crack of a breaking bone.

One ankle had snapped like a pipe-stem.

That last flurry of the fire had cracked open a locker containing high-explosive shells.

They would explode, one after another, in dozens or hundreds, each one bringing down more, each one intended to be sufficient to blow up a huge bomber or seriously damage a ship or a company of men. . . .

Dabner gripped a rail, and limped forward till he could lean against the locker.

Then, standing on one foot, his other leg hurting horribly, and with the knowledge that one slip would blow him to glory and a good part of the ship with him, he began to pick out the heavy shells and steadily to toss them overside.

The Conqueror

He worked on and on and on.

Presently, when it was safe to do so, he jammed the locker shut. Then he tried to go back to his hose. But they would not let him. They carried him away.

As he went he stared back triumphant. There was no longer any need for him to stay.

But now it was the men who were advancing, and the fire that gave sullenly and helplessly back.

The explosives were saved.

Another fire, hardly less dangerous, had been raging in the crew's quarters. Leading the attack on it was George Frater, the ship's carpenter.

How often in this war, as in endless wars before, Chips has come forward a heroic figure, ready to turn his hand to anything, steady under fire as the oldest naval veteran.

Frater and the others fought that fire inch by inch and foot by foot.

Chief Steward Isaac Jesse took charge of the wounded. Some of these men were vitally hurt, either by bomb splinter or fire. No one knew that Jesse was an expert at first-aid. That was just one of those useful things that sailors don't talk about, but can do when emergency arises.

By his fearless judgment and sound knowledge, Jesse undoubtedly saved the lives of many men.

Meanwhile, Andrew Drummond was back with his engines, sweating over them, making good some of the damage there; the hole in the side of the ship was patched; and the Skipper had worked marvels on the steering, and had held the courage of his company throughout the action up to concert pitch.

Medals for Five

And so, between the lot of them, the company saved a valuable ship that Goebbels, after his optimistic manner, subsequently announced had been sunk by German air attack. Pretty listened to the broadcast, and smiled silently and grimly.

Pretty, Drummond, Frater, Jesse and Dabner were decorated. Every man on that ship earned a medal, but the Merchant Service does not make medals its standard.

What pleased them was that they had brought the ship home.

Memories

THE things we are doing now will one day be our memories, they'll go with us to lift our hearts, or they will send us to our knees. They'll break us or they'll make us, give us cause for joy or regret, but the things we are doing now are the things upon which our future is set.

THE things we are doing now are all part of to-morrow's shape, we may think that we will be done with them, but from our deeds there's no escape. They'll shine down the years to be like gold sheaves in life's harvest-tide, or they'll break our hearts all over again, though all our tears have been cried.

THE things we are doing now will be with us to life's end. How strange then to act so carelessly when so much on their fruits depend. We're building our heaven as we go; hell is built that way, too, not by final punishments and rewards, but by all the things we do.

J. M.

Then He Woke Up!

DR. DAVID BELL PARKINSON was tense at his post beside the electrical control mechanism of the anti-aircraft gun.

Bent over his instruments, Dr. Parkinson watched the dimly illuminated dials with the concentration of a cat crouched beside a mousehole. When the first distant drone of raiders high in the night sky began to vibrate the air, he gave the signal.

* * *

The gun barked sharply, once, and the long barrel kicked downward with the recoil as the whistle of the shell died away upward.

The crew were intent on the sky above and away to the south-east. Suddenly they saw the fractured star of the shell-burst, and before the twinkle had gone a sudden searing flash appeared in place of it, to be followed by a glowing ball of fire which hung, hesitantly, for moments, then began a swift dive earthward.

Dr. Parkinson returned to his dials, and now he had no time for the sky above. He signalled once, twice, thrice, then again and again.

Finally he stopped, and at last looked skyward again.

The sky was full of the noise of screaming, wounded planes plunging downward to their doom.

It was at this great moment of realisation that Dr. Parkinson woke up.

He was in bed in his American home, with all the familiar furniture around him.

But instead of dismissing his dream as a wistful hope, he got straight down to working it out as a practical proposition.

The dream had been forgotten by the news of the Nazi horror bombing of the fleeing refugees in the Low Countries in the summer of 1940.

Recently, Dr. Parkinson, in the presence of five United States Army generals at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, near Summit, New Jersey, demonstrated proof that he had almost made his dream come true.

* * *

Christened the M9, his electrical anti-aircraft gun-pointer device, which shoots down planes by means of an "electric eye," not only places an approaching aircraft accurately as to height, speed, and direction, but makes allowances for drift, gun muzzle velocity, gravitational pull, air density, and wind!

To which may be added one example of this deadly new device in action:

In a recent action in the South Pacific, it shot down in rapid succession twelve out of sixteen Jap bombers!

H. H.

VOICE

★ Have you an i
from a relative in the
GUINEA will be pa
published—more if a
story used at grea
all the letters are re
for Readers' View
letters to "Voice,"
93, Long Acre, L

Volunteer—and

A *MONGREL*
who pulled
Field Ambu
North Africa
Pte. E. Foster tell
letter to his wife
Leicester:

Shorty was almos
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Shorty would have
A great dog!

Seven

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Sgt. C. J. Free
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An hour later t
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VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Volunteer—and a good soldier

A MONGREL called Shorty, who palled up with a Light Field Ambulance Unit in North Africa, was a real dog. Pte. E. Foster tells the story in a letter to his wife at Belper Street, Leicester:

Shorty was almost human, and in spite of our first misguided efforts to shoo him away, he insisted on staying with us, and soon proved himself the best of pals.

In the early days he was taken for a ride on a water waggon, and when it came back, there was Shorty standing guard over two ducks, which he had captured from a lake. As we had seen nothing but bully and biscuits for some time the ducks were much appreciated. Since then Shorty has been on our staff, and has followed us through everything.

Some of us owe our lives to this dog. For on one hectic day it was only the barking of Shorty which led us to a nest of Jerries who were just fixing a gun in a most unexpected place, which would have surprised us in a most unpleasant way. Thanks to Shorty we were able to deal with them before they surprised us.

Not long afterwards Shorty was missing for a time, but reappeared as pleased as a dog with two tails, bringing in five New Zealanders who were without a compass, had lost their bearings, and had been lost for some time. The dog not only found them but guided them back safely to our lines.

If dogs were awarded medals, then Shorty would have a chest full of them. A great dog!

Seven for Luck

An Indian wedding invariably holds interest for our troops, and Sgt. C. J. Freeman, India Command, is no exception. He writes to his parents at Broomfield Far, Oare, Kent:

The wedding "breakfast" took the form of a supper given in our honour at 10 p.m. There was feasting and we were enjoying ourselves when the bride was brought in for us to see. She was certainly very lovely and beautifully clothed; a girl of sixteen, while the bridegroom was a little older.

An hour later the marriage ceremony took place. First the bridegroom walked in with a sort of coronet on his head and then sat down on the floor before the priest. Then the bride was brought in on what appeared to be a large tray, and was carried seven times round the bridegroom before she was set down beside her spouse. Seven times for luck is the idea.

The ceremony over, the bride's veil is lifted and she sees her husband for the first time that day. Well, she seemed quite pleased with her bargain, and we drank to their happiness.

Olive Groves

Here is a picture of Sicily described by Driver E. A. Kincaid in a letter to his parents at Hurst Road, Bexley, Kent:

Imagine a bay almost land-locked, surrounded in the near distance by low hills covered with vineyards and groves of olive trees, with a few white houses standing out against the green hillsides.

In the far distance are high, broken hills fading away in the mist as the sun goes down. A waggon climbing a steep, winding hill sends up a cloud of white dust. Above there is a cloudless and vivid blue sky set off by the deeper blue of the sea. Farm-carts laden with grapes, clanking lazily down a lane in charge of dark-eyed women singing and smiling.

There is a great deal to be said in favour of Sicily compared with some of the places we have visited on our travels.

Far Off Hills

Leave at Darjeeling, in the Himalayas, makes a pleasant break for some of the men serving in India. L.A.C./F. H. Parkin, R.A.F., writes to his wife at Park Road, Barnoldswick, Lancs:

Another hour by rail and we had reached Ghum, which is 8,000 ft. above sea-level. Another fifteen minutes and we had completed the slight drop into Darjeeling, which meant that we had finished the journey of sixty miles up into the hills in about six hours.

We stayed at a boarding-house where they did us very well indeed. Tea and cakes in bed at 7 a.m.!

Most of our leave was spent on horseback, and although at first we did not ride as easily as cowboys we soon got used to it. One morning we rose at four o'clock and rode to the top of Tiger Hill to see the sun rise, and Mount Everest. We saw the sun but not Everest owing to cloud, but it was worth the trouble.

Sullen Germans

Guarding prisoners of war in North Africa is a monotonous job, according to Sgt. A. Glenville, Grenadier Guards, who writes to his wife at Stanley Road, Bromley, Kent:

The first spell of P.O.W. guard is a novelty; the second is so-so; but the third and every one after that is a bore.

Picture a huge, flat, open space originally covered with reluctant grass and scrub, now crushed and churned into a three-inch layer of red dust, which turns into clinging mud after rain.

In the centre, surrounded with treble-coil barbed wire held up by stakes, is the circular "cage" about a mile in circumference. The Italian prisoners are a happy-go-lucky crowd with no discipline and no regard for hygiene. The Germans sullen, resentful and quiet, have their own organisation and discipline, and their hygiene is commendable.

These German troops are war-weary, but they try to cheer themselves up by singing Nazi marching songs. It sounds rather dismal, and they aren't marching anywhere just now.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Some people still don't know how she arrived

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

THE Board of Education has just published a booklet on Sex Teaching in Schools and Youth Clubs. It doesn't say how it is to be done or who is to do it; but it does insist that the old idea that the subject is terribly hush-hush or "not nice to know" is obsolete.

Such knowledge is not easy to impart.

My son is over seventeen and rather on the shy side, writes a mother. I have tried to talk to him about the plain facts but he always appears uncomfortable and seems to want to get away from it all.

I wonder, Humanist, if you can recommend a suitable book which I could buy for him so that he can read about the subject for himself.

There are scores of books and I have sent the writer a list of some of the best. I assume that the boy's father is away from home and it is difficult for the mother to do the explaining.

Yet she is right in wanting the boy to be enlightened. There is far more ignorance about these matters than one might suspect.

I get innumerable letters, not only from young people, but from married folk whose lives have gone wrong through not knowing the elementary facts. I usually answer them privately.

Here is a letter from a soldier:

I am going to be married next month, and I badly need some advice. I have a pretty good idea about sexual relationships—the main idea I mean—but I have a feeling that this is not enough. I have heard that a marriage may lead to endless unhappiness through going wrong at the beginning.

Will you tell me the name of some book which would "put me wise" beforehand? I don't want a lot of preaching. I want a book which is candid and does not hedge or wrap things up. I want to read it myself and I want my *fiancée* to read it.

I gave him the title of a very candid book which has been specially revised to help young people in war time. It costs 3s. 6d.

Need for Books

There ought to be such books in every public library—but there rarely are. We British people are frightfully scared of the whole business, and I have had letters from young wives who were completely ignorant on the very day of their marriage. If things go awry their mothers are largely responsible.

The booklet mentioned in the first sentence warns parents of young children about telling "fibs" about storks, gooseberry bushes, and the doctor's black bag. They are bound to be found out later. The evil facts of such fibbing can hardly be exaggerated.

But if parents don't quite know how to answer children's questions, there are books to help them, and there are also a great many inexpensive booklets which older children can read for themselves.

In a short time the whole subject will be dealt with in schools, but at present there is a tendency to avoid the issue. The teacher says the parents should enlighten their children, and the parents find it too embarrassing. Someone else suggests that instruction should be given by the school doctor.

In the meantime, children are left to find out from giggling whispers or dirty stories.

Enlightenment might come from the science teacher as part of the biology or nature study course, from the teacher of physical education, or during religious instruction. One cannot teach the Ten Commandments without coming slap up against the subject.

In a girl's school a sensible married woman teacher is obviously more fitted for the task than a spinster head mistress.

I suggest that the whole subject should be thrashed out in the parent-teacher associations which ought to exist in every town and village.

There is just room to quote another letter sent a short time ago in connection with the topic of unusual dreams:

I had been wondering how to make ends meet, and I said to myself: "If only I could win a sweepstake!" My thoughts followed into my dreams where I found myself in a big hall where hundreds of people were buying sweepstake tickets.

I took my turn in a queue and when my ticket was handed to me they shouted "Luke 1, 1, 1, 0." Everyone in the hall repeated the number several times.

When I woke up the words still haunted me. I could not make out what they meant, but eventually I took my Bible, deciding that the words meant St. Luke 11, 10.

Ever since that day, instead of wishing and dreaming, I have acted on the advice given in that verse and the results have been marvellous. Although the incident happened ten years ago it has been worth far more to me than many sweepstake tickets.

I leave it to readers to look up the reference and to judge precisely what the dreamer made of it.

KILLED WHILE FIRE-WATCHING

● **While Mr. Robert Blount was serving in a street fire party in a London suburb during a recent air raid, he was killed by blast from a high-explosive bomb.**

Acknowledging the cheque paid under our Free Air Raid Insurance, his widow writes: "This will be a big help and will give me a sense of security."

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Civil Defence Workers, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Bombardment, Gas Attacks and Invasion, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Registration Forms can be obtained from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future . . . they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Colds and Chills, Neuralgia, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? As a general pick-me-up they are grand! No wonder they are so popular!

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) **Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.**

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

PARADISE PUDDING

rich with eggs!

Thanks to dried eggs, you can use eggs plentifully now. Dried eggs, as you know, are top-quality new-laid eggs "dehydrated" — that is, with the water and shell removed. *None of the food value of the egg is lost in the process.*

To make this pudding, you need: 3 level tablespoons dried eggs; 6 oz. flour; pinch of salt; 5 level teaspoons baking powder; 2 oz. fat; 2 oz. sugar; a little milk; 6 tablespoons water; vanilla essence. Mix eggs *dry* with flour, salt and baking powder, and add to creamed fat and sugar, alternately with milk and water, to make a soft consistency. Add vanilla. Pour into greased basin, cover and steam for 1 hour. Serve with chocolate sauce. (For 4-6 people.)

You'll get smiles round the table when you serve this!

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

You are allowed one packet of Dried Eggs per ration book every four weeks

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in a position to give that to you Free.

Our fees are still pre-war.

We teach nearly all Trades and Professions by post in all parts of the world. Distance makes no difference.

The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the world.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus.

If you are undecided, write for my Fatherly advice, it is Free.

Direct mail to :—

Dept. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

LAST LAUGH

W. W. (Dawlish).—"Some men are never understood by their fellows." Those who call out the names of country stations, for example.

Miss P. H. (Truro).—"Some foreign countries seem to be far advanced of us in town planning." We presume that, in your opinion, they are streets ahead.

V. R. (Twickenham).—"To be a foreman in a twine and cord factory you've got to be fairly brainy." And know the ropes!

Miss T. A. (Newbury).—"When I arrived home I found that the box contained one shoe of one size and one of another. What would you say about that?" That's odd.

G. C. E. (South Wales).—"My night watchman is very thorough, and checks up on all doors and windows to see that they are properly fastened." In other words, he leaves nothing undone.

A. B. (Camborne).—"A local airman says that fish is good for his nerves." Out of the frying-pan into the flyer.

G. W. (Dunblane).—"My wife has left me and gone home to her mother because she took exception to the tobacco I smoke." Married men who read this column would be pleased to learn the brand of your tobacco.

T. C. (Carlisle).—"What does a playwright do when he runs out of ideas?" Continues to write plays, of course.

P. P. (Luton).—"I can't think what the previous tenant took the paper off the kitchen wall for." Perhaps she felt she must have a little more space.

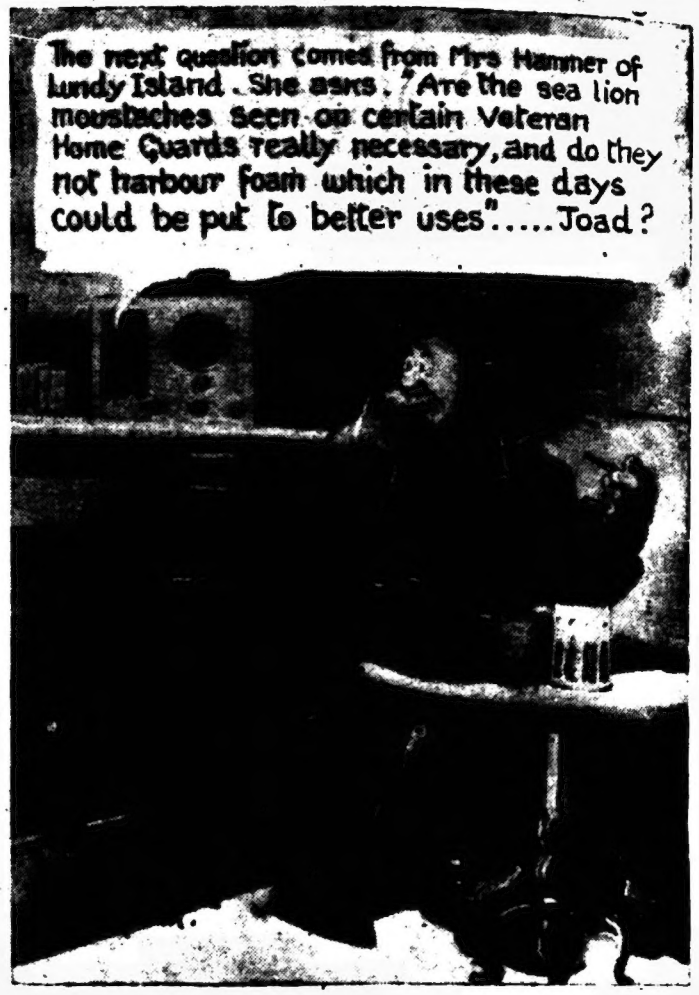
G. H. (London).—"There is always work in war time for a man who wants a job." But not always for the man who has got a job.

H. J. (Cardiff).—"I had a sitting-down job, but it didn't suit my health." So now, we take it, you are looking for a lying-down job.

H. H. (Salford).—"Is it good policy for the management to neglect the heating of a theatre? Maybe it is their way of encouraging audiences to stamp and clap freely.

S. L. (Cheam).—"Medical men say the radio is useful in certain kinds of deafness." So is deafness in certain kinds of radio.

D. E. (Esher)—"Wrap your green tomatoes in paper." Pages from a modern novel are best. The fruit soon reddens.


The next question comes from Mrs Hammer of Lundy Island. She asks, "Are the sea lion moustaches seen on certain Veteran Home Guards really necessary, and do they not harbour foam which in these days could be put to better uses".....Joad?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Side-Slips

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH: — "His underclothing bears a laundry MAN G28."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . and seemed to have been designed with a view to ENEMY in plumbing. . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—"'A grand captain, a gentleman, and he comes out at the PRAYERS' entrance.' . . ."

HERTS AND BEDS EXPRESS:—". . . such as rags suitable for stuffing toys, NIECES for dressing dolls."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—". . . awaiting FISH that Allies had landed in Italy."

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS:—"PIGS to 3s. 6d. per dozen. . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"He had to be OVERPOWDERED by two police officers."

GREATEST OF THESE

● It's going to be a poor Christmas for a Newcastle family we know.

Not much food. Not much fire. Not much hope of better times. But a load of worry.

The father of the family won't be sitting at the head of the almost bare table. He will be in Dunston Hill Hospital, near Gateshead, with a bad leg wound which led to his discharge from the Army a few months ago.

And mother? She'll try to smile, no doubt, for the sake of the children—three growing youngsters of an age when they should be eating as much as grown-ups.

But father's pension of £2 13s. 6d. a week is the family's only income—and that doesn't go a long way after rent and insurance have been paid. Besides, the family knows what it is to have one's precious household possessions hit by Goering's bombs.

Now, will you help to make Christmas a little less poor for these Newcastle folk—and for all the others who genuinely need assistance?

We believe you will. So let us remind you that donations (and the smallest sum will be gratefully acknowledged) should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of current subscriptions are available on application—and all administrative expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,402

FIRST PRIZE of £50 plus Radio

J. Speakman, 2, Priory St., Warrington, Lancs, for this "Bullet":—

WORLD TO COME
ANYWHERE, "HOP"—NOWHERE, "JUMPS."

£10: S. Daniels, 39, Walden St., London, E.1 **In Civvy Street—Scenes, Via "The Crescent."**

£5: H. G. West, 38, Mill Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex. **Long Enough—Bus Was—Then Wasn't!**

£4: S. J. Evans, 11, Stoke Rd., Linslade, Leighton Buzzard, Beds. **World To Come—"Eden" "I" "Fruits"**

£3: C. H. Lawdham, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.10. **Beveridge's Ship—For "Repatriating" Poverty's "Prisoners."**

£2: J. E. Duggan, 20, Houghend Ave., Cheetham, Manchester. **Man In Control—Woolies—*One* "Brick" Ready!**

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of 20s.:
E. R. Dawe, 43, Melbourne Rd., Waltham Cross, Herts. **Girl On The Bus—"Eel" "Collecting From "Sardines."**
T. Hackett, 51, Sheringham Drive, Barking. **Girl On The Bus—Carrying Skates—Declined Seat!**
T. S. Morton, 44, The Stray, Darlington. **Not Stopping—Frits's *Teeth* "Chattering." Gestapo!**
Mrs. L. Pickard, 1, Gilstead, Bingley, Yorks. **The Cosmos—"Slipped"—A Thousand "Fell."**
Mrs. L. Snopp, 1, Durgates Cottage, Durgates, Wadhurst, Sussex. **In Everybody's Way—Except Enemy's, Village Defences!**
F. Statford, 29, Prickley Rd., Sheffield. **Beveridge's Ship—Proving Poser For "Parser."**
A list of 70 winners of Christmas Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 500 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 144

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order D—E—K—B entered by following 8 competitors, who thus share £50, each also receiving Xmas Cake:—Dvr. R. H. Bruce, Somewhere in Britain; W. D. Cameron, 13, Second Avenue, Clayton, Manchester; M. V. Charles, Middleton Cheney, Banbury; L/Cpl. N. Cornish, A.T.S., Somewhere in Britain; S. Coulson, 69, Astley Road, Seaton Delaval; D. James, MH HH, Old Newton, Stowmarket; Miss J. McLean, 43, Knottsall Lane, Langley, Oldbury; T. Reid, 125, Morrison St., Edinburgh.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 23 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—2nd Runners-up Awards for 464 entrants with FIRST TWO.

£100 CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

This MOTHER says

"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails." The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity — set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia — it will give immediate relief. Prices 7d. to 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

You need less fat when you use

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

AIR-PORTRAITS FROM YOUR OWN SNAPS

BRITAIN doesn't seem so far away when he receives photos of his dear ones. If you send us a good negative with clear details, we will print it on an Airgraph form ready for your message. Price 3/6

5/- if from print. Postage 6d. extra

Send p.o. and Negative to:

THE GRATISPOOL CO. LTD.,
Isles Lane, or 207, William Street,
Leeds, 11. Glasgow, C.3.

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the three-fold comfort treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. *Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

It'll be worse later!

Real cold weather lies ahead. The utmost economy in fuel — gas, electricity and coal — is necessary now while weather is still relatively mild.

All fuels are in short supply and any used now cannot be replenished later.

What do I do . . . ?

I do not use room-heating unless it is absolutely necessary.

I use gas or electricity in preference to coal when heating is only required for short periods, and I turn out or switch off immediately the room is warm.

I remember that my stocks of solid fuel must be kept for the really cold weather to come.

I live as much as possible in one room, so as to use only one source of heat.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d pkts. 1'3 & 3'- glass tubes

Send 3d in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

INDIGESTION QUICKLY RELIEVED

A sufferer writes: . . . "As a last resort, I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The results were marvellous. In a very short time I could eat anything I fancied, and hold it down. . . ."

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion, and in safeguarding against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½d.
Also in Tablet Form 7d., 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"'. . . Can you get them by accident, doctor?'"

I'm often asked that question. My answer is that venereal diseases can be caught by accident—that is to say, without sexual intercourse—but such cases are *very* rare.

At my hospital in the last twenty years, we've found only forty-five cases of accidental infection with syphilis—that is an average of only two cases a year in a large clinic. Three-quarters of these got the disease by kissing casual acquaintances who happened to be suffering from syphilitic sores of the mouth.

With gonorrhœa, which is about seven times as common as syphilis, the danger is smaller still. This disease can only be caught from actual contact with the discharge it causes from the sex organs, and then only before the discharge dries. Young children occasionally get it from clothing, bedding, towels or sponges which have just been used by someone suffering from gonorrhœa. But the risk of an adult picking it up except through sexual intercourse is almost nil.

In all the years I've been dealing with patients with venereal disease, I've never seen or heard of one who got syphilis or gonorrhœa off a 'seat,' or a cup or a glass, or from any ordinary contact in a bus or cinema or shop or, for that matter, in billets.

Far too many people worry themselves unnecessarily about catching these diseases accidentally. Clean living is a real safeguard."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD-22-27)

At the first sign of a COUGH take

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/6 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

DOUBLE PRIZES in this amusing 5-MINUTE CONTEST!

IT'S QUICK—IT'S EASY!

ENJOY a few minutes with the amusing *Bullets* below—then use five minutes more to complete your *Laugh-Lines* coupon.

You have only to give FOUR KEY LETTERS as instructed on coupon and, provided you post it not later than Monday, December 20, a useful *John Bull* cheque and a delicious 4-lb. Fruit Cake may be your double reward.

£50 CASH FIRST PRIZE — HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

4-lb. FRUIT CAKES WITH ALL CASH PRIZES

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. In Our Avenue—Footsore Postman Seeking "Dunroamin"!
B. Way To Groom—Army Mule—With Broom!
C. Father's Friends—"Served Together"—Every Night!
D. Relic Of The Past—*Interested* In *Professor*, Auntie!
E. Down Our Street—"Special" Tiptoes—Wife's Asleep!
F. For The Troops—Concert, When Mayer's Finished!
H. Waiting For Dad—He's Camouflaged Our House!
J. In Our First Aid Post—Bandaging Perfect—Wrong *Leg*!
K. The Right Mate—Bachelor Seeking—For Sock!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page — or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2d EXTRA COL 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 8.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, DEC. 20.

148

OVER 500 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to reader who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four such humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Tie divisible and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces invited if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

CHEQUES RADIO and 50 FAMILY FEASTS!

£50 CASH plus £25 RADIO

£10 £5 £4 £3 £2 £1 £30/- £20 NEW! AWARDS

FINE 4 FRUIT CAKES 50 ENTRANTS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 31.

WINNING THE WAR
FOOD, HOMES AND WORK
THE RED ARMY
IN BERLIN
TALKING ABOUT PEACE
NOT BRITISH
AWAKENED THE HOUSE
ENEMIES
IN THE GATHERING GLOOM
FOR YEARS TO COME
WHEN WE START

BULLETS 1,402 RESULT appears on page 14

MIDST SNOW AND ICE
SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE
WHEN THE PLUMBER ARRIVED
NEVER STOPS
HAVING A LOVELY TIME
KICK UP A ROW AND
TO FRIGHTEN US
BROADCASTING THE NEWS
WHY DAD'S CHEERFUL

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

MAN WHO SHOULD .....
THE ..... RACKET
MADE THINGS .....
FIGHTING FOR .....
WORTHY OF .....
ON GOES THE ..... , BUT

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 8. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,406 Monday, DEC. 20

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,406—or "Laugh-Lines" 148," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

A wise man coming home with all his Christmas shopping!

He knows a thing or two. No Christmas present hunting for him. He solved that problem by deciding on Savings Stamp Gift Cards and Gift Tokens. A splendid idea for all busy folk, and what's more, they're gifts which are sure to be appreciated. A very suitable way of recognising Christmas this year . . . and something that will help to bring back the joy of old time Christmas.

MAKE THIS A *Savings Christmas*

Get beautifully coloured National Savings Stamp Gift Cards from your Savings Group, Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank or War Savings Centre. They are free to purchasers of Savings Stamps. You can stamp them with 6d., 2/6 and 5/- Stamps. In addition there are Gift Tokens sold in units of 15/- up to any amount. These can be exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make a deposit in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

YOU would be surprised if you knew the ways in which our little peace-time friend is cutting out things for victory. It helps to make all sorts of war machines, and then, in Hospitals, provides the convalescent with recreation and rehabilitation. So please do not grouse if the HOBBIES FRETWORK OUTFIT you badly want is not obtainable at the moment.

Old pal told him how to relieve his RHEUMATISM

"I had a bad turn (of rheumatism) . . . I could not walk from one room to another . . . I could not even hold a knife to eat my food. Then one day I met an old pal . . . he asked me if I had ever tried Fynnon Salt. I told him I had not. . . . I must say after using a couple of tins I felt

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT

How I wish I could go up to Hyde Park and stand on a tub . . . and tell folks what Fynnon has done for me."
(*Signed*: F.R., of Finchley.)

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and kindred troubles. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

Take Fynnon Salt

If you suffer from RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS or SCIATICA

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (524)

NOTICE TO USERS OF RIZLA CIGARETTE MACHINES

A NEW Band for your machine of specially treated paper can be obtained from most tobacconists for 1d. It will wear and clean as good as the original rubber fabric one, and is easily fitted.

Thousands of unused Rizla Machines are lying about. If you have one in your house why not give it to a friend who can use it? Or offer it to your Tobacconist who may know of someone who would be glad of it.

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS FILTER TIPS and MACHINES

YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A TALK ON PICASSO AND HIS CIRCLE

. . . BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING

No, they are not devotees of modern art and this programme had no interest for them at all. Yet because they were so busy gossiping they just let the radio run on—wasting essential electricity, giving unnecessary work to valves which are difficult to replace these days, since most valves are on war service. Remember this next time a programme begins which doesn't interest you — and SWITCH OFF!

One day there will be plenty of new Mullard Sets and Valves available, and then you too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who today are enjoying trouble-free true-tone listening, can once again insist on . . . . .

MULLARD

RADIO, VALVES AND SETS

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!

MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2. (638)

TIM ON PARADE

"I don't feel well and I've been shirking Larder Guard — Help! Here comes Sergeant."

"TIBS!! — So that's what Sergeant meant when he said he knew what I needed. Good old Sergeant!"

"I'm going to get all the Larder Guards to sign this petition."

TIBS 'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 9, or 1/6 for 27.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

These Tiny Tablets have MIGHTY POWER!

They Mean FREEDOM from Ills & Chills this WINTER!

That's a bold claim, but it is based on ample evidence —proof from life itself. The services 'ASPRO' renders in banishing colds, 'flu, rheumatic pains, etc., and keeping people free from sore throats and infection are beyond compute. 'ASPRO' has solved the health problems of millions. Its claims, based on scientific fact, are proved a thousandfold by their outspoken tributes. Take heed of their advice. Whether you are at home, in the field or factory, when you feel feverish or sense a cold coming on, that's the time for two 'ASPRO' tablets. You'll feel the relief at once. Take two more with a hot drink when you go to bed. A night's sound sleep and you'll awake fit and refreshed.

'ASPRO' BANISHES Colds & 'Flu IN ONE NIGHT!

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

J. BURKE, of 75, Leslie Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife, writes :—" For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head, but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic."

Make in England by ASPRO LTD. SLOUGH - BUCKS

ASPRO

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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